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MISS ALICE HUGHES,

LADY GWENDOLEN ONSLOW.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE CALL FOR . . . LORD KITCHENER.

IT has not happened very often in history that Great Britain has received such a shock as was administered by the publication of the War Commission Report. We all knew that there had been a great deal of muddling, that mistakes had been plentiful, and that ordinary precautions had not been taken, but the most pessimistic of us did not dream of the utter and complete unpreparedness of the nation for the tremendous task before it. It is obvious now that if the Ministers at Downing Street had listened to the advice of men like Sir William Butler, instead of the war costing us more than two hundred millions, we should have got out of it for a quarter of the sum; yet the general feeling is that we were lucky to emerge successfully at any cost. Anything less considered than this war it would be impossible to imagine. Those who pursued a policy that obviously had war for an alternative, so far evidently from counting the cost, never seem to have realised that it would be war they had to face. That is the exact truth about our statesmen in Downing Street, but it is more than paralleled by the facts about our generals. They sailed gaily away to South Africa amid much unseemly rejoicing, and apparently thought that their business there was more in the nature of a picnic than of a hand-to-hand struggle. Ministers seem to have allowed them a free hand, but the only advantage they took of this confidence was to save themselves the trouble of drawing up any settled plan of campaign. The early stages of the war were marked by a happy-go-lucky style of fighting, for which we have reason to be astonished that we did not suffer more severely than was the case. The siege of Ladysmith, which at one time was regarded as a noble episode in the history of the English Army, turns out, on investigation, to be little more than a monument of disgrace, and the memory of 200 men waiting to smuggle Sir George White down the

river-bed, while everyone seemed to have made up his mind to the surrender of the garrison, is not a pleasant one. Until the advent of Lord Roberts, no commander in South Africa emerged from the situation with credit. He alone drew up a plan, and carried it out with vigour and success.

But it serves little purpose to dwell on the mistakes of the past. Africa from ancient times has been the grave of reputations, and our generals are not by any means the first whose fame was great till they had to face its difficulties. It is more profitable to consider what precautions should be taken for the future. In the estimation of everyone whose opinion is worth having, it was extremely lucky for Great Britain that her enemy on this occasion was the South African Republic, a peasant State which neither had population nor military training. If the Boer Army had been led by European officers, Natal would have been overrun in the early stages of the war, and Cape Colony itself might have been seized, and the seaports rendered difficult, if not impossible, to land at. As it happened, the leaders of the hostile troops, though clever enough in the matter of defence, lacked the initiative for attack, and so the indiscretions of our people were but lightly punished in comparison with the dreadful calamities that have followed similar mistakes in the great struggles of the world. Should events of the same nature occur in a struggle with one of the European Powers, it is clear and evident that we should not escape so easily. And as war, in one shape or another, is one of the eventualities of the future for which it is absolutely necessary to be prepared, the question now is, what has been taught us by the South African Campaign, and what can we do to avoid any recurrence of its calamities? One point made by the Commission is in our favour. It is that in these days of scientific weapons the number of men is not nearly of so much importance as it was when every battle was likely to become a hand-to-hand struggle, and when volley-firing was the rule and not the exception. The need of the future would seem to be not so much mere numbers as a very carefully-trained and most intelligent little army, each member of which would require to have certain qualifications. He should be able to think and act for himself, and not be dependent on the orders of his superior. He must be a good marksman, and a soldier who is equally at home on foot and on horseback.

But to introduce changes like these into the British Army can be no easy matter, for, in spite of our recent experience, they are utterly opposed to military tradition. In principle, the very training required by our soldiers is at present given to our sailors, and the man-of-war's man is, as far as principle is concerned, what it is desirable that our private soldier should be; but who is going to take this work in hand? It means a thorough and drastic reform of our system from the very foundation upward. It would require a new type of officer, one who would be much less ornamental and far more addicted to hard work than those whose chief use at present is to ornament our ballrooms and drawing-rooms. That is to say, instead of being a decorative kind of calling for younger sons, the Army ought to offer a career for those who are prepared to carve out their fortune by brains and work. On the officer the men depend. Until we have a complete change in the choice and advancement of the superior we cannot expect that the men will be drilled into the new kind of efficiency required by modern conditions. Evidently in making these alterations many vested interests will have to be touched, and a very strong man is wanted, one who is independent either of fear or favour. It was hoped that when Lord Roberts came home from South Africa he would be able to effect the necessary change, and he worked at it with an energy and enthusiasm that many a younger man might have envied. Against certain things, however, even strength of character and the highest integrity fight in vain, and one of these is what the Latin poet called "the devouring years." It is "too late a week" for Lord Roberts to begin the cleansing of this Augean stable. The alternative to Lord Roberts has been pointed at from every side. It is the stern and indomitable Lord Kitchener. No lighter hand than his is required for this difficult task, and probably there is no Englishman living at the present time who is less hampered by the ties and considerations of what is called society. Lord Kitchener would do the work of the War Office thoroughly, and opinion has steadily come round to the point that it will be necessary to clear out Lord Lansdowne and the civilian influence generally, and give to this soldier a free hand. That is the only suggestion which seems to meet the requirements of the situation.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

A PORTRAIT of Lady Gwendolen Onslow, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Onslow, forms our frontispiece this week. On another page will be found a picture of the children of Mrs. William James of West Dean Park, Chichester.



THE Board of Trade Returns for August tend to dissipate some of the very pessimistic views that have been prevalent as to an alleged falling off of commercial activity. What we have said before in these columns seems to be proved by the figures, namely, that for some little time past we have been in the reaction that naturally follows a period of excessive activity. The figures for August seem to show that we have emerged from the temporary depression, as both exports and imports show a very great increase, amounting to nearly £2,500,000 in the case of imports, and £1,500,000 in the case of exports, while the total for the year is well on the right side. The improvement is dispersed over cotton, woollen, and other stuffs, machinery and leather goods, while there is a certain falling off in ships, telegraph cables, and manufactured iron and steel. Still, the general movement is in the right direction, and no doubt points to the recurrence of a period of great activity.

A special Army Order has been issued which certainly points to a step in the right direction. It deals with the style of living and the mess of Army officers. Lord Roberts, in very plain language, points out that it is the duty of commanding officers to see that their subordinates do not live in an extravagant style, or in the manner that would make it uncomfortable for those of smaller means to follow their example. Lord Roberts says that commanding officers ought to make it a point to go round to the messes and see that they are sufficiently simple and inexpensive. He seems to be determined to use his influence as far as possible to prevent the Army being used merely as a fashionable occupation, and to make it a profession where the serious and hard worker will find himself at home.

The military outfitter who writes to the *Times* on officers' dress and equipment supplies a curious comment upon this Army Order. It would take a long time to go through the examples he gives of remodelling and changing the dress of officers, but one or two may be quoted. Leggings of a special pattern, with studs up the front, were authorised and cancelled within a few weeks. Red sword slings were authorised for infantry officers and changed in a week or two to gold. In the infantry mess jacket he makes a list of twelve changes that have been introduced by various regiments, though the pattern jacket is kept at the War Office, Pall Mall. It seems no more than natural to conclude, after his long list has been gone through, that "the outfitter has suffered through having quantities of obsolete and consequently unsaleable goods left on his hands, whilst the cost of providing and maintaining his uniform in recent years must have become a severe tax upon the officer with but a moderate private income."

The Local Government Board has issued a circular to Poor Law Guardians pointing out the desirability of encouraging the emigration of pauper children. Neither in this country nor in the Colonies has this subject yet received the amount of attention it deserves. Canada alone has experimented in this direction. During the last thirty-four years some 45,000 children from the United Kingdom have been sent to Canada. Most of them have been poor orphans, foundlings, or waifs rescued from the most undesirable surroundings by various philanthropic and religious agencies. The Canadian Government has taken care, however, that they should be "in good health, free from disease and bodily defects," and mentally and physically fitted for emigration to Canada. Of these emigrants it is certain that some must develop vices that probably were hereditary in the families to which they belonged, but still the number who have turned out badly is comparatively small, and the inspector who reported upon them last year said, among other things, that "the children who have come under my inspection this year have been found to be generally, both physically and mentally, satisfactory, and, in my opinion, well suited for Canadian farm life." He

gives many figures in substantiation of this statement, which is an encouragement to those who think that the best way to deal with children brought up in the worst of our homes is to get them out of their surroundings altogether, and give them a clear start in a new country.

This is the season of the year for Congresses, and not the least important of them is that of the Trades Unions. This organisation of working men is steadily attaining influence, and, under proper guidance, we believe it is more likely to obviate than to bring about commercial disputes in the future. No doubt, however, its leaders are as apt as those of any other body to take a short-sighted view at the moment, and we do not think they are altogether right in trying to find a way to escape from a recent decision of the Courts. It would be much better for them frankly to accept their liabilities, and, in the words of the homely proverb, "to cut their coat according to their cloth." Nor are we quite sure that they do well to mix themselves much in politics. Labour members have not, as a matter of fact, quite justified their existence. It is most advisable that the legislator should understand labour, but it will not go far unless his mind contains a great deal more. That is the worst of those who are selected for a special purpose. They often lack the breadth of view essential to statesmanship.

"IN NATURA DEUS."

I worship God in every place
Of wild and unconfined space:
Not in a temple made of hands,
But out amid the flowering lands.
The azure heights of sun and star
The dome of my cathedral are;
And for my feet are golden aisles,
Wide meadow paths where summer smiles;
While every wind that bloweth free,
Deep organ music makes for me.
And there my heart goes out to Him
Who sits above the seraphim;
Who made this world of nights and days,
And set it in such lovely ways;
Who clothed the rose, and dressed the spring
With such a perfect fashioning;
Who out of nothing did create
The wonders of this human State;
And at my making breathed in me
A spark of Immortality.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

In Scotland they have been holding an important Sanitary Congress at Stranraer. One of the themes most exhaustively dealt with is that of infant mortality, which the Scottish doctors seem to think is increasing, and for that increase they largely blame the uncleanly and insanitary habits of mothers. According to one authority, very few young women seem to recognise how easily the germs of disease are carried. They will not nurse their children themselves, in whatever station of life they may be placed, and they do not know that milk bottles and other apparatus are peculiarly liable to convey germs of disease, while another point is that they are unaware of the fact that an infant's stomach is made to contain only a few ounces of fluid, and that if infants are allowed, as they often are, to suck much greater quantities than this out of a bottle the worst results follow. It is not sufficiently kept in mind that that which may not perceptibly hurt the robust organs of an adult may prove most injurious to a child's delicate stomach.

There is reason to fear that the growing industry of cider-making will be especially hard hit by this season's almost total failure of all kinds of home-grown fruit. Many more people would probably take to cider-drinking if they could always rely upon getting it of the same quality in successive years, and quite lately a good deal has been done in the chief cider districts towards reforming the old haphazard methods of production, and encouraging the exclusive use of the best varieties. This year, however, there will be very little cider made for local consumption at all, while for the outside market the supply of English apples will have to be eked out by a quantity of fruit from abroad, which is, to a great extent, of untried quality, and rarely so rich in the essential juices as the English varieties. Bad apple years must always be expected from time to time, but it is particularly unlucky that one should come just at the time when a steady supply of selected fruit is particularly needed.

People who are greatly to be pitied this year are those of the poorer class to whom, as a rule, their bees—or rather the honey that the bees make and the bee-masters sell—are an important factor in their earnings. It has been a very bad season for the bees, and has come after a previous season that was as bad as it could be. There are certain compensations in the fact that it is so bad a year for wasps that they have become minor rarities, but the bee-keepers are to be pitied.

There ought to be some good fishing in some of the Scottish rivers at the end of the season. Heavy rains in the centre of Scotland have brought up the Perthshire rivers into big flood, and must have given a grand chance, with the nets off the mouth, for the fish to ascend the Tay and other less noted streams. The South of England has been deluged so freely all the summer through that people are apt to imagine that the case has been in some measure the same all over our islands. But this is a great mistake. On some moors a good deal of destruction of newly-hatched grouse was caused by drought, where the water supplies from springs were not abundant. A poor root crop in some parts of Scotland where roots generally are very good is one of the evidences of this lack of early rain. As for the later downpour, which has come so opportunely for the salmon angler, it is most disastrous for the agricultural interests, and many crops of oats are "laid" by it beyond hope of recovery. It is really difficult to say when the crops in the North will be gathered, so as to give the partridge shooter a chance.

A fact that is little known comes into evidence now and then where there is occasion to run a post-and-rail fence across land that is, in part, of a peat-bog nature. There are hundreds of miles of such fences in Scotland with wooden posts, mainly larch, and iron-wire rails. It is here found that the posts which are erected in the boggy, marshy land last a great deal longer than those which are put up on the dry ground. It is, of course, just between wind and water, so to speak—just where the posts enter the earth—that they first fail. Probably the reason of the greater permanence of the posts which go into the marshy ground is two-fold, that there is a certain preservative quality in the peat, and also that these posts are constantly moist at the dangerous point, whereas those that are on the drier ground are alternately moist and dry with the changes of the weather, and that this alternation is what rots them so quickly. At all events, whatever the reason may be, the fact is well worth noting by all those who have occasion to use wooden posts in such situations. One's natural idea on the subject would be that the posts on the drier ground would be likely to last the longer.

Ireland is to have a lady M.F.H. this season. Ladies have several times before "Mistressed" packs of harriers in the Green Isle, but this is, perhaps, the first time that a lady has carried the horn with a pack of foxhounds. Miss Edith Somerville is taking over the Mastership from Mr. Aylmer C. Somerville of Castle Townshend, County Cork, who has held office since 1891. For some time Miss Somerville has been acting hon. secretary of the West Carbery Foxhounds, so she knows all about them and the country. This lady is a thorough sportswoman, as anyone can well imagine who has read those capital books, "Reminiscences of an Irish R.M.," "An Irish Cousin," or others of the publications of which Miss Somerville is joint authoress. The West Carbery Hunt dates back to 1824, when a Mr. Thomas Somerville was the first Master. The pack was broken up, along with many others in Ireland, in 1865, but was revived by Mr. Aylmer Somerville in 1891. In 1897, an outbreak of rabies compelled the destruction of the whole pack. The country is a very hard one to negotiate, and its foxes, which are of the hill fox stamp, are very stout and hard to kill. The country embraces an area of about twenty-five square miles in the Skibbereen district.

The Fisheries Committee of the County Council of Cornwall have passed a resolution to petition the Home Secretary to exclude cormorants and shags from the protection of the Wild Birds' Preservation Act. One hopes that they will not meet with success in their endeavour, since, after all, the amount of real injury done by these birds is comparatively small, and if guns were allowed on our coasts in close time we should very soon lose the few rare birds still left to us. The Cornish chough, for instance, is almost extinct, and the premium at which both the eggs and the living bird stand threaten its complete extermination at no distant date. We are informed that the pair of peregrines that used to nest in a well-known nook on the Cornish coast have this year failed to put in an appearance and have probably been destroyed. This sort of thing is sure to go on to a still greater extent if the resolution against the shag and the cormorant be carried out. Besides, the principle on which it is conceived is entirely wrong. What our deep-sea fisheries require is not the extinction of birds, but a systematised stocking with ova.

The decision of the Paris municipal authorities to demolish the Eiffel Tower in the course of the projected transformation of the Champ de Mars will be received in this country certainly with interest, and possibly with a tinge of regret. Though giant erections of this kind are not always agreeable additions to a neighbourhood, the Eiffel Tower had the distinction of being the first of them, and it is undoubtedly a great deal less displeasing to the eye than many of its successors in other places. But it was designed from the first to figure as a single item in a great show,

not to remain as a permanent addition to Parisian architecture, and it would probably have vanished some time ago if the municipal authorities had had a free hand earlier for carrying out their scheme of beautifying the south bank of the Seine. When the great erection eventually vanishes from the skyline on the expiration of the term of concession, it is not likely to be much regretted in face of the magnificent public park and gardens which it is intended to lay out round its site.

The amazing popularity of the electric tram service is well shown by some recently published figures relating to the extensive system in operation in the city of Liverpool. From these it appears that during the past half year no fewer than 60,000,000 passengers were carried by the Liverpool cars. What is more remarkable still, this huge number was conveyed without a single fatality, which rather tends to show that the safest place in the world is the interior of an electric tramcar. The tramway system of the great seaport on the Mersey comprises 105 miles of track, with twenty-one different routes over which 500 cars travel for the convenience of the public. In the course of a single week they carry nearly 2,500,000 passengers, or more than three times the whole population of the city. No wonder that there has been such a large decrease in local railway passenger traffic. The Liverpool tramways give employment to nearly 2,500 persons, and the profits for the present year will not be much short of £200,000. Very soon it will be possible to travel by electric tramcar from Liverpool to Manchester, a distance of forty miles.

If there was any reason to suppose that the success of a single swimmer in crossing the Channel would lead any appreciable number of persons to learn the art of swimming for themselves, there would be something to be said for the latest attempt and the publicity which has been so fulsomely lavished upon it. As a matter of fact, this enterprise is simply a fresh development of the popular mania for vicarious record-breaking which has become the bane of so many kinds of genuine sport. The character of the undertaking was sufficiently plainly indicated by the statement communicated to one of his numerous interviewers by the principal figure, namely, that if he succeeded in touching the French shore he then intended to turn back again and swim about till eight o'clock in the evening in order to secure the twenty-four hours' record in the water, as he already held it on the cycling track. In any case a feat which might be a legitimate subject of interest if performed under natural open-air conditions, becomes merely ludicrous when attempted with a convoy of steam-tugs in attendance, and by the aid of hourly doses of beef-tea and relays of chicken sandwiches.

LAVENDER.

Lavender out in the garden grows
Overmasted by lily and rose;
Pale she is as a London girl,
Close to her stalk her grey buds furl.
Over her, round her, petals in showers
Drop and drift through the summer hours,
Petals of topaz and peach and pearl,
Dropped from the roses that lift out of reach
Petals of topaz and pearl and peach.
Lavender waits till her time be come
When the weight of the summer is wearisome,
And the lily droops in her pride of place,
And the red rose faints in the hot noon's face.
She opens her blossoms then one by one,
And her scent is drawn by the masterful sun,
Till the bees grow drunk on her honey strong,
And they hover round her, a tippling throng.
Through eager noontide and evening grey
The bees will never be turned away,
To evening primrose or crimson clove,
For lavender is their only love.
Thrift and heather and tormentil
Cups of honey and dew may fill;
But while the lavender's flowering still,
Of other blossoms the bees will have none,
Though they were the rarest under the sun.

NORA CHESSON.

Under certain circumstances it would appear that man would revert into a cave-dweller, at least this would seem so, judging by what came out at a sworn enquiry held by the Local Government Board Inspector at Sligo last week. In an investigation then made relative to the Labourers' Cottage Scheme for the Sligo Union, it transpired that a man named Brabeney had been living, with his wife and five children, in a hole which he had burrowed in the side of a mountain, for the past ten years. This man was tenant of a small farm, but, getting into difficulties, was evicted, and having no shelter to take his family to, burrowed this hole in the hillside. This cave could only be entered by stooping very low, the hole through which ingress and egress was had also acting as window and chimney. Mr. Lynch, the inspector, said it was a terrible case.

Nothing more has been heard of the mysterious plague in Cuba since the first telegrams announcing its virulence. In these

it was described as resembling yellow fever and bubonic plague, but as being immensely more terrible and deadly than either. A large discount has usually to be taken off sensational news coming from different parts of the world *via* the United States; but, scientifically speaking, one of the most likely things to occur when a long-neglected portion of the world suddenly comes under new human influences, is the outbreak of some new disease of unusual virulence. The old description of the human body as a microcosm was most true in a way that those who used it little dreamed of, namely, as a mapped-out region which is constantly being colonised and conquered by new races of living beings; and when man of any variety takes his body to strange regions it always runs the risk of being colonised by new microbes, to which, by a process of elimination, the natural inhabitants of that country have become immune.

Moreover, when a microbe finds a new host it often behaves in exactly the same way as creatures of larger dimensions when introduced to a new country, multiplying amazingly, and developing unprecedented vigour. The Anglo-Saxon race in America and the rabbit in Australia may be taken as types; and when we consider how these two animals have overrun the land and dispossessed their indigenous predecessors, we can realise the risk that we run every time that we place civilised man within reach of the microbes of a hitherto uncivilised region. It is not even beyond the bounds of possibility that there is now lurking in one of the unappropriated corners of the world some bacillus which will run riot through the civilised world, and explain to the survivors of us how ancient civilisations have been swept away on previous occasions in the world's history, leaving scarcely a trace behind.

CLOUDED SKIES.

PUT into exact figures, the rainfall statistics for the past summer prove it to have been the wettest of which there is any record. During the three summer months of June, July, and August the amount of rain that fell was 16.07in. The two years that compare with this are those most intimately associated with agricultural calamity and disaster, namely, 1878 and 1879, but the rain that fell then was short of this record year, since it amounted to 14.07in. in 1878, and 14.04in. in 1879. The total rainfall in 1879 was 31.99in. This year we are already closely approximating to that figure, since over 28in. of rain has fallen, and the year has still more than three months to run; so that 1903 bids fair to attain the bad eminence of being the wettest year on record. Such is the statement in hard facts, but these statistics convey very little of what is meant to the country by a thoroughly wet year. The rainfall of 1878 and 1879 proved to be simply disastrous. It resulted in the first place in a general failure of English crops, but particularly of the cereals. Only then the farmer had this compensation



H. Moore.

OMINOUS.

Copyright

in bad years, that the scarcity in itself sent up prices, and he could calculate on obtaining for his wheat in a bad year as much as double what he got for it in a year of plenty. Now, although Free Trade had been in existence for a good deal more than a generation, our colonists and the foreigners had not yet gauged the full capacity of the British market, and it was that period of distress that enlightened them. Until then, as a matter of fact, we had very nearly grown the amount of cereals needed for our own consumption, and as late as the early part of then ineteenth century had been able to export a certain quantity. But now the supply fell very far short of the demand, and at that time, as it happened, the enterprise of American colonists had opened up a great many wide, new tracts of wheat-land, so that the United States had a large surplus to export. This was sent over here, and so began that endless flood of grain which, for over twenty years, has kept prices down to starvation point in this country,



H. A. George.

SEA AND SKY.

Copyright

and filled landlords and tenants with something very closely approaching to dismay. At one time it seemed as if the lost ground would never again be recovered, and the middle of this period will be remembered for long as a time when the English farmer altogether lost heart. Land literally went a-begging. Holdings that had been purchased for from £40 to £60 per acre in the flourishing sixties and seventies were sold for from £5 to £10 an acre, and rents, which during the good times had gone up to £2 or even £3 an acre, dropped to half that sum, while much land that had been let at £1 an acre could not be got rid of for a rent that would cover the burdens on it, that is to say, the tithe and the land tax. Many farms in East Anglia were handed over to Scottish migrants for them to make what they could of them at a merely nominal rent. Previous to that, "Mr. Greenfields," to use an expression common among lawyers, was held the best of all securities, and it was considered that money invested in land was as safe as if it were in the Bank of England.

This old state of things was completely upset, and much distress and confusion ensued. Landlords in many cases were so impoverished that they could not afford any longer to live on their estates, but let them to the rich merchants who had amassed wealth while agriculture was perishing. It was no pleasant change for the country people, since the newcomers, having neither the hereditary interest in the people nor being concerned financially in the welfare of the land, naturally took their pleasure in the country, and were indifferent to their human surroundings. Farmers, many of whom had laid by money in the years of plenty, found their capital wasting away annually. Some retired while still they had enough to live on. Others hung on in the vain hope of weathering the storm, and not a few went bankrupt altogether. At the same time, the discontent of the labourers assumed a shape that it had never done before.



H. Moore.

THE SILVER LINING.

Copyright

Only at very rare intervals in English history has the English peasant been a contented man. He was so, perhaps, in the golden

age of the fourteenth century, when he paid a labour rent under the manorial system, and was content to live on the produce of the soil; but then came the Black Death, and after it a kind of wool fever, which induced landlords as far as possible to make sheep-runs of their manors. In those days the peasant rebelled, and the Government of the day had to exert all its resources to keep the peace. This state of things endured more or less up to the time of Queen Elizabeth, and in her day the first of the "Small Holdings Acts" was passed, with the object, so frantically pursued in our



H. A. George.

SUNSET ON THE WATER.

Copyright

own day, of keeping the labourer on the soil. It did not succeed, because the peasant did not find sufficient outlet for his energy and ambition. He was, in those days, the stuff of which our soldiers and sailors are made, and life before the mast, or fighting in foreign countries, was much more to his mind than ploughing and sowing. Meantime, however, a class had grown up that was rendering the rural population more stable. This was the famous yeoman, whose portrait in the pages of Addison's *Spectator* we are all familiar with. But the yeoman existed, or was able to exist, mainly because of what remained from the manorial system. He had his little holding of from 50 to 150 acres, and many such holdings still exist in some shape or another, and can be traced back to the days of Queen Elizabeth. An example, familiar because it has a literary association, is that of Coate, the home of Richard Jefferies. Generation after generation of substantial yeomen appear to have flourished in this Wiltshire homestead, and their tombs may still be seen in the little church at Chisleden, which Jefferies himself has so lovingly described, and told how out of the windows of the church he used to watch the grey sheep eat their way up the wold. The reason why such holdings flourished in those old days



H. A. George

ABOVE THE RIVER.

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was that, in addition to the produce of their land, the tenants or owners had a right to grazing on what was technically called the waste of the manor. Of this they began to be deprived about the middle of the eighteenth century, when a number of Enclosure Acts were passed depriving the yeoman and the peasant of the commons whereon they had grazed their donkeys and ponies and cattle and fed their geese. It was perhaps a proper and economical thing to do, because the land, under thorough cultivation, was bound to yield more than it had done as rough pasture. But almost every thinker of consequence from that time until now has seen that to deprive the peasants of that privilege and to give them nothing in return, was unjust in itself and impolitic as leading to discontent. The peasant never has analysed the causes of his wrongs, but has generally taken some sullen but emphatic means of showing his displeasure. Sometimes this has occurred in risings, sometimes in rick burning. In the period of depression, out of which we have not yet emerged, it has taken the still more insidious and dangerous form of his leaving the soil altogether.

The consequence of the rainfall in 1879 is that we have practically lost the old rural population, and the greatest question that can be considered to-day is whether the still greater rainfall in 1903 is likely to lead to any similar calamity. Things have changed greatly, so that we cannot argue that, because a certain set of circumstances produced a certain result in 1879, they will do the same in 1903, but we are afraid misfortune will only take a new shape. The agricultural statistics show that, during the last fifteen years at least, more people in England have been taking to the cultivation of small pieces of ground in the shape of orchards and market gardens than ever did so before. Now these, for the most part, are men practically of the working classes, and who, therefore, have no great capital behind them. They are bound to feel the disasters of this year, and if two wet years come together it will probably cause a number of them to go to the wall. That is one cloud which hangs on the social sky as menacingly as some of those which our artist has photographed in the actual heavens. Grain, as it happens, is no longer of the supreme importance it used to be to British

STAG-HUNTING.

WE are often told that stag-hunting on Exmoor with the Devon and Somerset is the last relic of the old chase, a scientific, long-drawn pursuit; yet, as a matter of fact, though some of the old customs



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BEFORE THE STORM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

remain, the chase of the red deer in Devon or Somerset is very different in the twentieth to the same sport in the fourteenth century. Only the arena of the chase and the habits of the quarry are the same. Everything else has altered. I was reminded of this by discussing our methods of hunting and those of the French with a sportsman of that nation. It was easy to see, as we talked over that morning's hunt, that my friend thought that what we gained in pace we lost in science. The French masters of stag-hounds, and there are some twenty packs in France that hunt the wild stag, would in many cases consider the dash and drive and pace of our big foxhounds—for the English staghound is, of course, only an ordinary foxhound drafted for size—a poor exchange for the patience and steadiness and marvellous power of holding to the hunted stag through all temptations to leave it for fresh lines of the hounds of Saintonge or Poitou. As luck would have it, on the day we were out together, the hounds never left the stag they found, and, though much of the chase was carried on in the woodlands, we never changed even for a moment so far as I know. Nevertheless, as in the case of otter-hunting, I should think that foxhounds are more killing than the older stamp of hound.

It is very notable how little fight a stag at bay makes in England nowadays; the fact is that the pace and drive—for foxhounds do drive even on the scent of the deer—of the pack leave very little energy for fighting when the end comes and the stag is set up at last. The modern foxhound is probably a great deal faster than the hounds of our forefathers in the Middle Ages, and his condition is very much better. What would Tucker or Mr. Amory say if we suggested putting a stick in where we last had the foil of a deer and beginning again the next day at the spot we left off! Yet, if we are to believe old treatises on hunting, that is what used to be done. Given a fair scent and plenty of daylight, there is no stag on Exmoor

that can stand up before the hounds a whole day, his only chance is to find a substitute. Possibly the old hounds and the modern French hounds, as described by the Comte de Canteleu in his charming manual on French hunting science, had and have better noses, but then they do not go the pace. Perhaps if they did they would be blown, and so lose their scenting power. If we may judge from old pictures and



H. Moore.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

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agriculture, but yet such a disastrous harvest as is now in progress cannot be anything but costly to the unfortunate farmers, and the hardships looming in the future for them form another cloud. In fact, it is difficult to find any real consolation. A calamitous year that follows a long period of depression is bound to tell on those on whom it falls more severely than it did in 1879, when it followed a spell of prosperity.

such specimens of French staghounds as we have seen, these packs had not the shoulders which enable our hounds to go up and down hill at the pace they do. I cannot claim any wide acquaintance with French hunting grounds, but probably few are as rough and hilly as the Exmoor or Devonshire heather-clad hills or wooded combes. Hunting on Exmoor this year, I am inclined to think that the present huntsman has got his hounds to be steadier than they were, and less inclined to change. This, however, may only be the result of a better scenting season than usual, owing to the wet weather. Nor is it only in the actual chase that our system is different. The harbourer, useful and important as he is, is not quite so prominent nowadays, for in the Middle Ages he seems also to have performed some of the duties of a huntsman at a check. Moreover, the harbourers of old not only harboured the stag, but roused him from his bed with their lymers. These last were trusty hounds trained to run mute, with which the harbourer worked out the line of the deer in the morning, and marked the place where he had entered the covert with a stick. When all was ready and the pack in couples (as is the French custom, as also of the New Forest deerhounds to-day), the harbourers took the lymers on a leash, and, working right up to the stag, roused him from his bed. The lymers, in fact, did the work now done by tufters in England. Of late years, with the Devon and Somerset, it has been found expedient to use a larger number of tufters. I have seen as many as eight couple. The tufter must needs be a stout hound, as he is required to find and separate from the herd the stag or hind, often a matter of an hour or two of hard work, and then run on with the pack. In France, and in old English stag-hunting, relays of hounds are, and were, used, but it is difficult to see how this can ever have been possible on Exmoor, since a stag may very well go right away over the open forest for eight or ten miles. It is hard to see where the relays could have come in. Of course, in the wooded forests of France (Exmoor is almost treeless save in the combes) one can see how useful, in hot weather especially, relays might be, though I am told that even in France the packs hunt more as a whole now, and that relays are out of fashion. Can this be owing to the foxhound cross undoubtedly existing in many French packs? X.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IF the qualities most to be desired in one who writes a history of literature are urbanity and freedom from provincialism, it would not be possible to describe Mr. J. H. Millar as well equipped for the purpose. He was, if we mistake not, one of "Mr. Henley's young men" in the old days of the *National Observer*, and has carried the traditions of the "slashing article" into his *Literary History of Scotland*. In the true spirit of the provincial smoking-room, he lays it down canonically that (of R. L. S.) "at least there can be no dispute as to his superiority to all his contemporaries and to all his juniors" (Scotch). So has he spoken, and the "all" is absolute, though the comparison be "odorous." Had he left it there, we might simply have doubted and passed on, but his evil genius tempted him to quote one of Stevenson's most affected and artificial passages, which makes the reader stare at his challenge. To make the assertion good, he proceeds to state that Mr. Barrie "writes with his tongue in his cheek," Mr. Crockett emits "succulent vulgarity," and Ian Maclaren produces "the slobbering sentiment of the Sabbath School with a dash of gentility." The majority of intelligent readers have long made up their minds about these writers, but that does not detract from the provincial rudeness of this deliverance. And it is vitiated by the praise showered on authors not a whit more deserving. That piece of sensationalism, "The House with the Green Shutters," "electrified the reading world," while Mr. Neil Munro is spoken of as a prodigy, and it seems that a certain D. S. Meldrum has "achieved a triumph," which conclusions, to say the truth, savour much of the rolling log and the "cockney critics with whom in his good nature" Stevenson "was pleased to associate." It would have been more dignified of Mr. Millar to have ended his story before his personal friends came into the play. Partisanship leads him into many absurdities. For instance, Carlyle's essay on Burns is treated as no part of the literary history of Scotland, while R. A. M. Stevenson's "Devils of Notre Dame" is admitted. Nothing could more conspicuously show how ill-fitted Mr. Millar is for his task. A more thoroughly Scotch author than Carlyle never lived, and his own early history and the memoirs he wrote of his family and friends are documents that illustrate one side of Scottish peasant life as vividly as the poems of Burns illustrate another. In manner, speech, and habit of thought, Carlyle was to the end of his life a glorified peasant of Dumfries. R. A. M. Stevenson was cosmopolitan; neither his appearance, his accent, nor his style of thought suggested Scotland.

Nowhere are the characteristics of a nation reflected more accurately than in its literature, and it appears to us that a skilful

historian would have kept this fact in view throughout. It is of peculiar value in regard to Scotland, where the same temperament, the same humour, the same caution have persisted for generations. Even the physical characteristics have been continued through the centuries covered by this history. The student of faces may behold in the men and women who walk the streets of Edinburgh and Glasgow to-day the reincarnation of those that walked behind Archibald Bell-the-Cat or attended the Court of Queen Mary, as there is many a carving and drawing to testify. If those remarks apply to Carlyle, they do so still more to the Celtic Revival. Upon this Mr. Millar remarks that "its chief apostle was a mysterious being known as Fiona Macleod," the English of which would appear to be that Miss Macleod has elected to stand by her work alone, and has given no material for gossip to the writer of personal paragraphs. Mr. Millar has adorned his pages with many fine quotations, but few, indeed, possess the literary quality of those lines on the death of Deirdre published in our columns a few weeks ago. At any rate, the passionate, melancholy, Celtic strain is part of Scotland's literary history and temperament.

We are in the way of tracing Mr. Millar backward. It is curious that he should be most interesting when dealing with the very early writers. His treatment of Burns is unworthy of the theme, probably because of some indecision as to how far he should follow the lead of the late Mr. Henley. To differentiate himself from "the common Burnsite" was essential, yet he cannot but be aware that W. E. H., as his manner was, swung too far in the opposite direction. Mr. Millar probably derived some of his opinions from Stevenson, the weight of whose well-known essay he greatly exaggerates. Sir Walter Scott he praises very worthily, though with no great novelty. It is, however, in the earlier part of the book that we like Mr. Millar best. The patient industry with which he slates the poor modern of to-day makes us wonder how he managed to wade through such piles of rubbish. His digging at the roots of "old Ebony," the Chaldee MS., and the rest, results in a pile of sand. His flight over the eighteenth century leaves its choicest years undisplayed. About the famous ballads he only argues, and does not show that they and the songs are of the very essence of Scottish genius. But at the early poetry he has worked hard, and if the result is to disclose much imitation and little to compare with early Saxon literature, the blame is not his. Two of his quotations we venture to reprint. One is a passage from Huchown's works not familiar to the general English reader. It was probably written in the fourteenth century, and is from the "Pystyll of Sweete Susan":

"She fell down flat on the floor, her fere when she found,
Carped to him kindly, as she full well couthe:
I wis I thee wrathed never at my witand,
Neither in word nor in work, in eld nor in youth.
She cowerd up on her knees and kissed his hand—
'For I am damned, I dare not disparage thy mouth.'
Was never more sorrowful segge by sea nor by sand;
Ne never a sorrier sight by north ne by south.
Then there
They took the fetters off her feet,
And ever he kissed that sweet.
'In other worlds shall we meet,'
Said he no mair."

The other is from Alexander Scott, "the Tom Moore of old Scottish poetry." It was written probably about 1560 or a decade later.

"Lo! quhat it is to lufe,
Lerne ye, that list to prufe,
Be me, I say, that no wayis may
The grund of grief remufe,
But still decay, both nycht and day:
Lo! quhat it is to lufe.
"Lufe is ane fervent fyre,
Kendillit without desyre;
Short plesour, lang displesour;
Repentence is the hyre;
Ane pure tressour without mesour;
Lufe is ane fervent fyre.
"To lufe and to be wyiss,
To rege with gud adwyiss,
Now thus, now than, so gois the game,
Incertain is the dyiss:
Thair is no man, I say, that can
Both lufe, and to be wyiss.
"Fle alwayis frome the snair;
Lerne at me to be ware;
It is ane pane and dowbill trane
Of endless wo and cair;
For to refrane that denger plane,
Fle alwayis frome the snair."

Altogether the book may be described as clever and interesting, but somewhat narrow in its sympathies; the work of a lawyer and journalist, not of a poet, nor even of an imaginative prose-writer.

THE WELBECK STUD.

NO one has recognised more clearly than the Duke of Portland the services to the nation which can be rendered by the improvement of our breed of horses. This is not the place to tell what he has done to promote the breeding of heavy horses in Nottinghamshire, but we may freely acknowledge that the same consideration for the national interest of horse-breeding has guided the policy of the Welbeck Stud from its beginning. It is perhaps not too much to say that, looked at from the point of view of the practical horse-breeder, there is no stud more worthy of note than the Duke of Portland's. We are not concerned with the race-course now,



W. A. Rouch. MRS. BUTTERWICK (THE DUKE'S FAVOURITE). Copyright

save as a most important factor in the reasoning of the horse-breeder.

Racing and the natural desire to breed winners has made it plain that to breed from parents which either have been themselves successful, or at least have the blood of good runners in their veins, is, on the whole, the best policy, be the purpose for which we require the horses what it may. In practice all our light horses owe much to the thorough-bred, hunters and troop-horses almost everything. It is not difficult then to see what must be the effect on horse-breeding if we have large landlords and wealthy breeders who can afford to buy and keep the best horses and mares. Take, for example, the case of



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ST. SIMON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



W. A. Rouch.

DONOVAN.

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St. Simon. How much should we not have lost if St. Simon had been permitted to leave the country? The views of the Duke of Portland on the importance of retaining our best horses are probably expressed in the recent report of the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding. Referring to the purchase of certain stallions by a foreign Government, the report states, "This is a grave disadvantage to which we must always be liable so long as it is left to private enterprise alone in the United Kingdom to compete for the possession of the most desirable stallions with the Governments of foreign countries." Nevertheless, so long as we have men like the Duke of Portland, who are willing to spend money and thought on horse-breeding, we shall perhaps agree with Sir Walter Gilbey that private enterprise is as effectual in keeping up our superiority in horse-breeding as public control would be. At all events, it has preserved for us St. Simon and his numerous tribe of sons.

To our mind St. Simon is as nearly as possible an ideal model of a horse built for speed. Short in the back and rather high on the leg, as are all animals built for speed, St. Simon was one of those horses that never seemed to be pressed. It has often been said that we never really knew what he could do. One picture of him will always remain in our mind. It was the Cup day at Ascot, and the Duke of Portland's great horse came sweeping up the course, going quite easily, and turning his head from side to side with the same gently bold and intelligent look which our artist has caught in the picture. Behind him toiled Despair, an excellent horse, but that day outpaced and outclassed.

But great as St. Simon was as a race-horse, as the founder of a family of race-horses he is greater still. The Stud Book is a record of his triumphs. Many of my readers will recollect the great

day when two St. Simon colts, Persimmon and St. Frusquin, raced home for the Derby. But to relate the services of St. Simon to English horse-breeding would occupy the whole of our allotted space. One of those services, though an indirect one, is pertinent to the present article. This was the restoration to England of the stout Musket blood, by the purchase of the great Australian horse Carbine. The Duke was, it is believed, moved to this by noticing that many of the St. Simon fillies were small and light of bone, and that stamina and size were needed. The reward of this enterprise has not yet come, but that the reintroduction of Melbourne blood from Australia will yet bear fruit we cannot doubt. At all events, here is the picture of Carbine—a perfect model of a compact, sturdy, game horse. If you suggest that he is a little short, some judges would not perhaps contradict you. We have left ourselves little room to write of Donovan, but we are not sure that we could tell more than the picture does. The Derby-winner has developed, as may

be seen, into a beautiful specimen of the thorough-bred.

Great as are the horses, the pride of Welbeck is its incomparable collection of noted mares. It is, as we all know, our English mares that foreigners covet, and it is a great point that such matrons can never be lost to us. Mowerina, of whom they will tell you that during her racing career she won in stakes her weight in gold, produced such sons as Donovan and Raeburn, and such a daughter as Semolina. Though of English blood, Mowerina's birth-land was Denmark, where she was foaled in 1876, and was



W. A. Rouch.

CARBINE.

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LA ROCHE.

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imported in the following year to this country. But Mowerina was denied the chance of being a classic winner, and for that

we must look to Memoir, now grown into one of the most beautiful mares at the stud, though she has never approached Mowerina in the matter of stud successes. Mannlicher is her best so far; but what a glorious racing career hers was! It is not enough to say that she was a winner of the Oaks (1890) without recalling that she beat the flying fillies Signorina and Semolina. This form she amply confirmed in the autumn, when she won a memorable St. Leger, with such

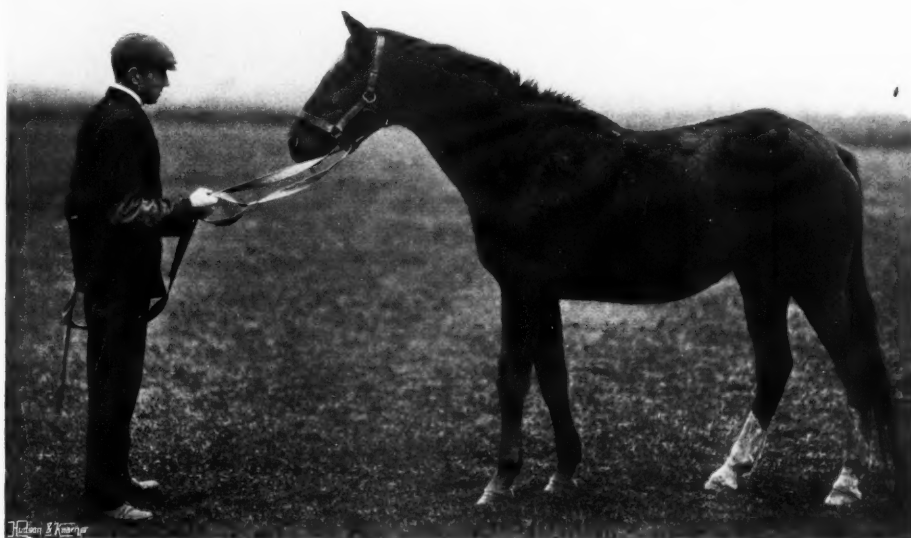
horses as Sainfoin (winner of the Derby and sire of Rock Sand), Martagon, Rightaway, Surefoot, and Memoir is still in her prime, and may yet leave sons and daughters to carry on her line. What recollections of the past does the sight of Wheel of Fortune recall! With what breathless interest those of us who were then old enough followed her wonderful two year old career. Ten successive wins out of eleven starts, and second in the other, was a marvellous performance, and she won the One Thousand and Oaks in 1879. Like many other great performers, she has not produced many winners, Oberon being the one that has done most credit to his dam.

The beautiful mare that makes the subject of another picture is Mrs. Butterwick, said to be the Duke's favourite. She was winner of the Oaks in 1893. Having been foaled in 1890, she has plenty of time to make her name, but so far, though she has not produced many foals, those she has have been good. Greatorex will be remembered by students of two year old form in 1902 as being, at one time, thought to be a rival of Rock Sand for classic fame. Greatorex was undoubtedly a fairly useful colt, quite

turf of the horses submitted to them for selection as winners of King's Premiums. But while we think that this is a sound view,

and borne out by experience in the case of stallions, in the choice of mares we should incline to those of running families rather than actual winners of many races. We prefer mares that have not had their constitutions overtaxed by two or three seasons of severe training. If we come to reflect, this is right enough, for while the horse recovers easily from the test of a racing career, and great race-horses have often been great sires, the more delicate organisation of the mare

expends on racing the energy and strength that should be reserved for her foals. The arrangement and management at



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MOWERINA.

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MEMOIR.

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WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

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AMIALE.

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SACHEL.

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Welbeck have been so often written of with praise that we will not dwell on them here. The Welbeck Stud is known, and its methods reflected on, by every man who is interested in horse-breeding. Yet it would be ungrateful not to say a word of Mr. John Hoby, the stud groom, to whom writer and artist are much indebted. Mr. Hoby has a marvellous knowledge of, and memory for, pedigrees, which is of the greatest value both to himself and to the student of horse-breeding. We leave the subject of this stud feeling that no one of our great horse-breeding establishments has had so great an influence or conferred more benefits on our national stock of horses than that of the Duke of Portland. X.

IN THE . GARDEN.

SELECTIONS OF BULBOUS FLOWERS.

AT this planting season for the majority of bulbs, it will be helpful to give the names of a few of the cheaper sorts as a guide to purchasing. Without bulbous flowers the garden loses its spring charm and the woodland its sweetest carpet. But there are bulbs and bulbs. Some may be grown in quantities without a severe tax upon the garden expenditure, while others are costly and the flowers perhaps of the future. Those that now grace our gardens were at one period as expensive as the high-priced sorts of the present day, but happily cheapness does not mean ugliness. The loveliest flower of spring is the Pheasant's-eye Narcissus, which still retains its pride of place, though a host of hybrids have been raised to draw attention from its sweet fragrance and purity. The selections are as brief as possible, to avoid perplexing the beginner. Those who are ardent Daffodil or Tulip fanciers will not need this list; they are sufficiently versed in the culture and selection of the bulbous flowers of spring.

Chionodoxas.—Charming little flowers for carpeting beds or to plant in the woodland wherever a blue colouring is desired. Plant 2in. deep. The commonest are *C. Luciliae*, sky blue and white, *C. sardensis*, deep self blue, and *C. grandiflora*, of a paler shade.

Colchicums.—*C. autumnale*, the most beautiful of autumn flowers, may be planted now; it is not, of course, spring flowering, but we have included it. Plant 6in. deep. The flower is like a rosy goblet. There are several varieties, of which the double white is the most beautiful.

Crocus.—This family is, except quite the rare sorts, very cheap; the most reasonable in price are the large yellow, purple, and white Dutch varieties. Plant 2½in. deep. Of course there are many others, such as the purple *C. Imperati*, but it is wise to first get the Dutch sorts.

Fritillaria.—A handsome family, including the Crown Imperial and Snake's-head Fritillary. The Yellow Crown Imperial is very striking; its flower stems are 4ft. and more high, and the flowers are like large yellow bells. The Snake's-head is a British plant and very interesting, with its chequered bell-shaped flowers; it enjoys moisture. *F. pallidiflora* is as beautiful as any; it has pale yellow flowers, and is easily grown. This may be written of *F. pyrenaica*. Plant the bulbs 4in. to 6in. deep, the latter depth for the Crown Imperial.

Galanthus (Snowdrops).—The most easily grown, and certainly as beautiful as any, is *G. Elwesii*. The ordinary Snowdrop may be thickly planted in grass and woodland. Plant the bulbs 1in. deep.

Irises.—Plant plenty of Spanish Irises, which are absurdly cheap, and their flower colouring is wonderful. Thunderbolt is the most striking of the named forms; its flowers

are of a lurid colour, bronze and yellow and purple mingling, but it has a rich effect in the mass. The soil for these should be light and even sandy. *I. xiphium* is the name of the Spanish Iris and *I. xiphoides* of the English, which is easily distinguished by broader flowers, having the same wealth of colour as the Spanish, but more like those of the Japanese Iris. Our experience is that the Spanish Iris is the more certain of the two. Plant 4in. deep.

Leucojum (Snowflake).—Very pretty in grass or clustering at the foot of trees in orchard and woodland. We have several groups by water. *L. vernum* is the spring Snowflake, and *L. æstivum* that of summer or late spring. Plant 2in. deep.

Lilies.—Many of the failures to flower Lilies are due to ignorance of the depth at which to plant the bulbs, and neglect in giving protection from spring frosts. The way to plant is described in "Lilies for English Gardens," and there a list is given of those that make stem-roots, and those in which these are absent. On page 60 it is mentioned that "Some of them, including *candidum* and all the *Martagons*, root only at the base of the bulb. But in a great number the bulb makes its first growth by the help of the roots from the base, known as basal roots, then, as soon as the stem begins to rise, it throws out a fresh set from the stem itself, above the point where it comes out of the bulb. These are the roots that feed the later growth of the stem and flowers. It follows that if one of these is planted only just underground, the stem-roots will push out above ground, and, finding no nourishment, the growth of the plant will be checked. But if these stem-roots are well underground, and their strong growth is further encouraged by the rich mulch that is recommended, and by frequent waterings in dry days of spring and early summer, the stem-roots can do their duty in supplying the stem and flowers with the needed nourishment.

"The following is a list of the Lilies that root from the stem as well as from the bulb, and, therefore, require deep planting: *Auratum*, including all varieties, and the fine Japanese hybrid, *L. a. Alexandre, Batemannia, Brownii, croceum, Dalhansonii, elegans, Hansoni, Henryi, Krameri, longiflorum, nepalense, speciosum, tigrinum*.

"The following are the Lilies that root from the bulb, and, therefore, do

way that flowers are raised, as much time and money must be expended before results are known. When a new fruit of undoubted value is exhibited we welcome it heartily, and such a fruit is the new Peach Peregrine, given an award of merit recently by the fruit committee of the Royal Horticultural Society. It was raised and shown by Messrs. Rivers and Son, the famous fruit-growers of Sawbridgeworth, who have given us some luscious fruits we prize at the present day. Peregrine is a Peach of large size, warm crimson colouring, and delicious quality. No variety hitherto raised is sweeter, juicier, or so richly perfumed. It is fruit for the epicure, and a valuable acquisition. The tree is strong in growth, bears freely, and forces well.

Snapdragon White Swan.—No finer Snapdragon or *Antirrhinum* exists than this beautiful pure white flower, which is quite a bush covered with bloom in the garden of the writer. It has been in bloom for months, and is starting off again to flower as freely as in the height of summer. This successional flowering is achieved by cutting back the old stems and encouraging plenty of side growths, which in their turn will continue to display. No seed-pods are allowed to form. Profusion of flowers is impossible when the burden of seed-bearing is imposed on the plants.

HUNTING PRONGHORN ANTELOPE.—II.

SEVERAL years ago four of us saw a large grey wolf chasing two antelope, which left him easily—and a wolf knows how to move. Colonel Jones, an old Western hunter, who hunted for over thirty years, states that it



Miss Alice Hughes.

MRS. WILLIAM JAMES'S CHILDREN.

52, Gower Street.

not need such deep planting: *Burbanki, canadense, candidum, chalcedonicum, excelsum, giganteum, Grayi, Humboldtii, Martagon, pardalinum, pomponium, superbum, szovitzianum, washingtonianum*." A small selection from these would be *Auratum, Brownii, croceum, Henryi, speciosum, tigrinum, candidum, chalcedonicum, excelsum, Martagon, pardalinum, and superbum*. To reduce the list still further, omit *chalcedonicum, pardalinum, and superbum*, which want moisture. The greatest favourite of all is the tantalising *Lilium candidum*, the white or Madonna Lily, but we are convinced that its failure to flower is due almost entirely to the spring frosts; therefore give timely protection. It is well to remember that there are two forms of the white Lily, one with narrow segments, and the other broad, well recurved, and stoutly ribbed, the latter being the best. The time to replant practically all Lilies is when the leaves turn yellow.

RANDOM NOTES.

A New Peach.—It is not often a new fruit is shown, and still less a good one. The reason is obvious. Fruits are not produced in the quick and ready

must be a very poor antelope indeed that any greyhound can run down, and he tried it with several. Greyhounds, as a rule, are such cowards that they will not even lay hold of a coyote—a small prairie wolf—when they have run up to him. Once I saw a cross between a greyhound and a Scotch deerhound try to head off some antelope which we had shot at coming down hill under some rocks at a tremendous pace, and the hound soon gave it up. The best example we had of the pace of these antelope was one evening when we were going home along a flat valley. We were out of meat, the only excuse for a person to shoot a doe; but those market-hunters and skin-hunters, the curse of the West, will kill anything, and at any time, and so the game goes. We were keeping our eyes open, as we wanted venison badly, and were riding about a couple of miles apart, when I saw Sam turn his

horse to me. He had seen antelope far up the valley, and as he turned I saw him start galloping as hard as he could come towards me, and then I saw a pronghorn coming up the valley at top speed towards the others in the distance. Away I went, as hard as my bronco could travel, both of us coming towards each other, but, of course, quartering up the valley the same way as the antelope, who was travelling up and lay between us; but neither of us ever got within shooting distance. The antelope saw our game, and a grand sight it was to see it stretched out going at such a pace; we could see it was a doe, and the does can easily pass the bucks when running. We could hardly believe an animal could travel so fast. Sometimes, if you hit one in the shoulder-blades when running fast, it will roll over and over like a shot rabbit. The best and most exciting shooting a person can have is to find a large flat valley where antelope come down to play about and feed, and which has a rim rock running several miles on one side which they cannot run over when being headed off. Our old stalking ground when we were not hunting in the hills was a valley about fifteen miles in length and four miles in breadth, which

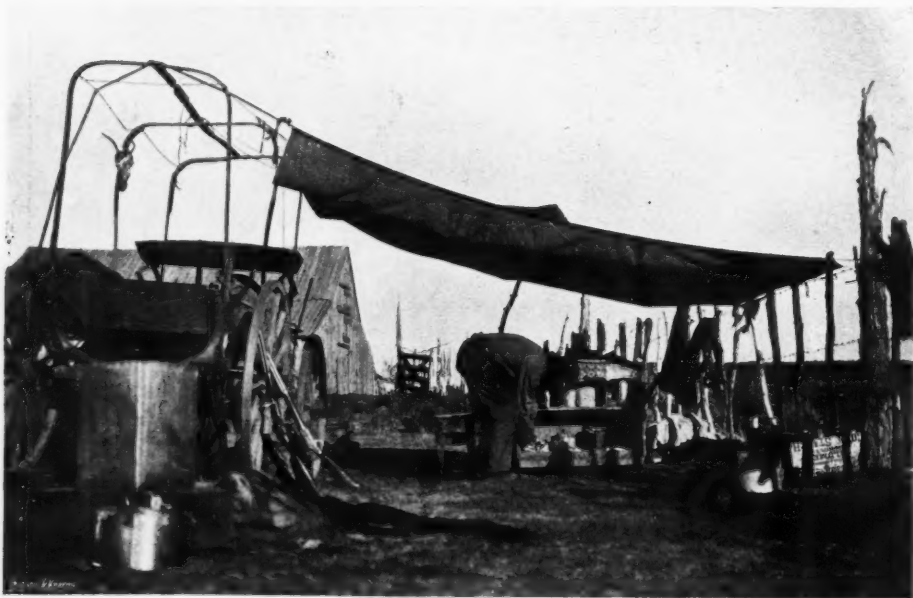


PACK-HORSE, WITH DIAMOND HITCH THROWN.

had a narrow alkali lake on one side. The valley was as flat as a table, and had rim rocks running on both sides, which made it all the better. The rocks ranged from 50ft. to 200ft. in height. It was hard work for the horses, but we always fed them on corn brought along in our hunting waggon, and with the bunchgrass, the very best of dry feed, they did well, and soon got fit for the work. We would ride down the valley from our camp, keeping about a couple of miles apart till we spotted a bunch of antelope feeding, when one of us would stop, and the other ride slowly on, keeping away from the antelope till he got down below them; they would always break away from the man riding towards them. We used to take turns in heading off. It is as well to get a long way down and keep a mile or two off the rim rock, as sometimes the antelope go along below the rocks, and at other times down the centre of the valley. One has to use judgment, and keep one's eyes open to see which way the antelope are coming, while the other man rides slowly towards them. The antelope would then start galloping, and soon they were all strung out in a line, coming like the wind when they saw the man in front waiting for them. If they started on one side of the valley they would always keep to it.



"JERKING" ANTELOPE MEAT.



THE OUTFIT WAGGON.

One needs a fast horse. Luckily Western broncos are sure-footed and do not often fall, as one has to send a horse at full gallop when the antelope are coming so as to get close and head them off. When you get near enough and ahead of them, pull your horse up, and throw the long raw hide reins over his head on to the ground, and then pick out your buck, and hit him if you can. The best of shots will want a repeater after that gallop, and the pace the antelope are going will keep a deer-stalker guessing for many a day to come. What fun it is, that last headlong rush on your horse, when one leans forward and pulls the repeater out of the holster carried under your leg—a Western dodge, and one which cannot be beaten. To show what a good plan this is of carrying a rifle, one day I was heading some



CLIMBING A RIM ROCK, SOUTH-EAST OREGON.

antelope off; my horse turned clean over, rolled over me, and never damaged the rifle. I was knocked out for a few seconds, had a badly sprained shoulder-blade, split my knife-sheath and a buckskin glove clean open, and several loops on my cartridge-belt were cut open. The reins had gone clean over the horse's neck when I came to and rolled over. There stood my bronco, with his legs apart and his ears cocked, looking at me, as much as to say, "What on earth happened that time?" He had put his feet in a small crack in the ground, which he never saw, as he was a bit of a star-gazer, but it seemed to cure him, and he never fell again. He was a well-bred horse, and I bought him because he was fast. The best of antelope stalking is in the rolling hills, and one always rides till the game is sighted. The white patches on a pronghorn betray him a long way off in that clear atmosphere. When once they are sighted the horses are tied up to sage brush, and the best plan is to always hobble them as well.

My brother had bad luck once from not doing this. He had sighted several antelope, had tied his horse up to some sage brush, had crawled up to them, and had just picked out the best buck to shoot at, when away they all went, and he never got a shot. He looked round, as he knew the wind was right, and there saw his horse trotting along. It had pulled the sage brush out of the ground, and so spoilt his shot, simply from his not hobbling it. Pronghorn begin to run, as the rut is called out West, about the end of September, and they then begin to band up. It is very amusing to watch a band of them at that time, the old bucks fighting and running about and chasing other bucks away. We were once travelling along with our waggon and saw a large band of antelope in the distance with two bucks chasing each other round and round the band. They then came right away and passed within shooting distance of us. A small buck was leading and an old one chasing him, evidently trying to drive him away from the others. They both seemed a bit blown, and we were so interested in watching them that we did not shoot at them. At this time of year they are harder to get near, as there is such a lot of them always on the watch. Antelope will feed among the range cattle, and as these cattle do not understand a man on foot, they begin to run and scare antelope when one is stalking. We used to try the old flagging dodge, but pronghorn are better educated than they were in the old days on the plains. There were such immense numbers in the sixties and seventies, and it was easier to kill them than it is at the present day. Of course this makes the sport far superior to what it was then. Coyotes, the small prairie wolf, play the mischief in the

breeding season. Several of them will run round a doe with a very young fawn till one rushes in and gets hold of the young one while the doe is striking at the others; these brutes will kill calves in the same way. Coyotes give excellent practice with a rifle for running shots. Luckily young antelope can soon run fast enough to keep up with their elders. By the end of October they are gathered up in large bands, and they keep to a certain range all the winter.

The first thing a person ought to get when going to hunt antelope is a good steady horse, and one that will stand fire. Also have the horse broken so that he will pack a dead deer or antelope on his back. An English saddle is a useless thing for this. Fancy trying to tie a 200lb. deer on one of these pancakes of saddles, as the punchers call them; yet this is what one can do on a cowboy's or Western saddle. One often kills game miles away from camp, and then puts it on the saddle and leads the

horse back to camp. Of course, if a man objects to this he can leave the game, and fetch it next day with a pack-horse, taking great care to leave something on the dead animal, or the coyotes will eat it up. One soon gets used to Western saddles, and they are comfortable enough for anybody, and do not tire a person in long rides as an English saddle does; they are always used in the mountains and plains in the West. All Western hunters as a rule shoot off hand unless lying down, taking a long shot; one hardly ever sees a man shooting off his knee.

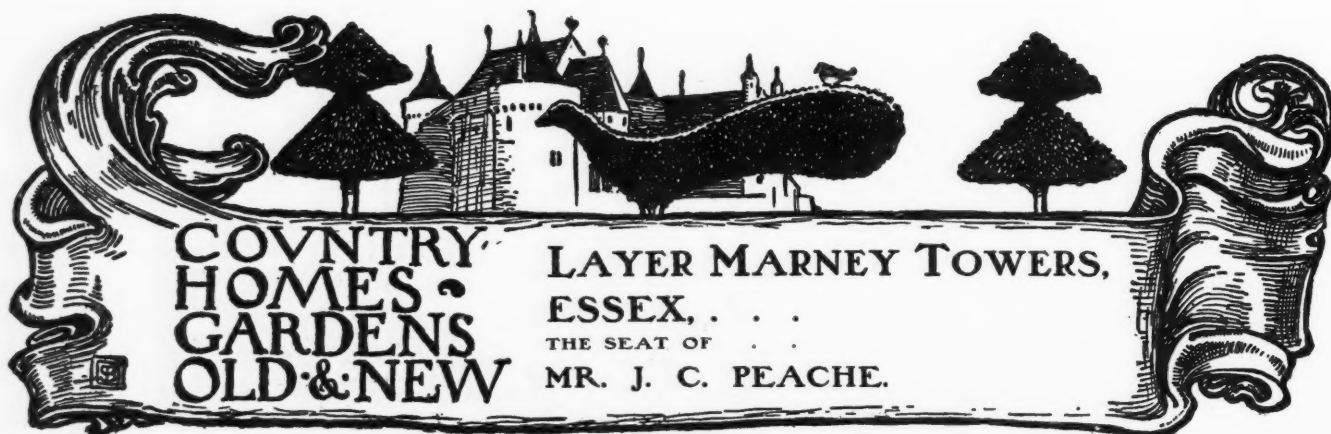
Batteries of rifles, as used in India and Africa, are unheard of, and gun-bearers never existed in America. A good all-round rifle will kill any game in North America if held straight, from a 1,000lb. grizzly and bull wapiti to the small Mexican deer. There are still a few rare good men in



PACKING A MULE DEER DOWN A RIM ROCK.

the mountains who can take a person to where there is game, but they do not live in railroad towns. One has to go, as they say, "away back" to find these men, and one can learn a great deal about hunting from them. For a beginner it is a good plan to trail behind one, and to learn how to hunt, if it is in him, to learn the signs of game and where they range, etc., a thing not learnt in a day, or a month. Then the time will come when a man goes out from camp by himself, and how different it all is! But to be a hunter a man must travel the hills by himself to find the game, stalk it, and kill it. The old and real frontiersmen are nearly extinct; as a rule they were a splendid set of men, and no finer hunters or shots ever existed in any part of the world. But, like the buffalo, their day has gone for ever. The antelope is going fast, and no man living will ever see the Western plains covered with game again.

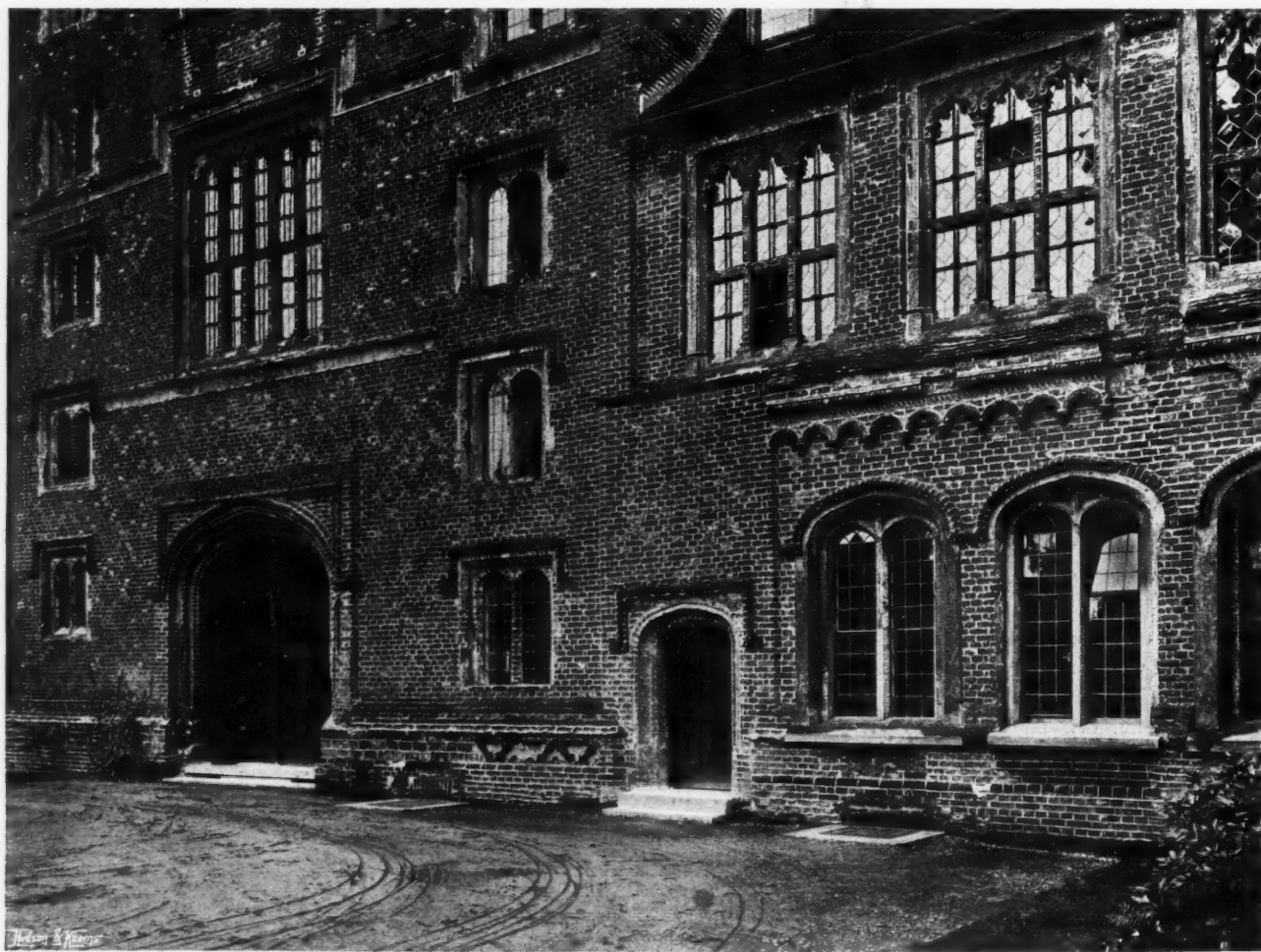
H. C. NELSON.



THE parish and manor of Layer Marney, lying some seven miles south-west of Colchester, have the honour of possessing what is in several respects the most important remain of ancient brick architecture in this country. Some may think that the great tower built by the first Lord Marney is only *primus inter pares* in that land of East Anglia which is so rich in architectural creations in brick, as our pages have many times borne witness. There is more domestic charm, perhaps, in St. Osyth's Priory, which we depicted quite recently, or in Moyns Park in the same county of Essex, or in Melford or Kentwell in Suffolk, but none of these has the special features that invest Layer Marney with such remarkable architectural interest. The builder came of a great East Anglian stock, for his family had owned the manor and many neighbouring estates from the time of Henry II. to his own in the days of Henry VIII. They were stout Englishmen, these Marneys, sometimes sage in counsel, not seldom bold in the field, lovers of the chase, and men who took their part in the duties of the shire. Their long-lineaged succession in the place to which they had added their name was exceptional, even in times that moved less rapidly than ours. Their annals may be read in the county histories, and are written in the records of the land.

Many generations elapsed between the earliest possessors, or, let us say, between William de Marney, who received licence from Henry III. to impark his wood in the forest of Essex, and Henry Marney the builder of the great tower. This notable Englishman appears to have gone early to Court, and to have risen by his merits. He was a man of great abilities and courage, and became a trusted adviser of Henry VII. and his successor. He was a Privy Councillor, and Captain of the Guard to Henry VIII., was raised to the dignity of a Knight of the Garter, and became Keeper of the Privy Seal in 1522, being shortly afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Marney. It has been suggested that in his constructive work at his Essex home he acted under the guidance or influence of Girolamo da Trevisi, the King's architect, with whom he must often have come into contact in his official capacity.

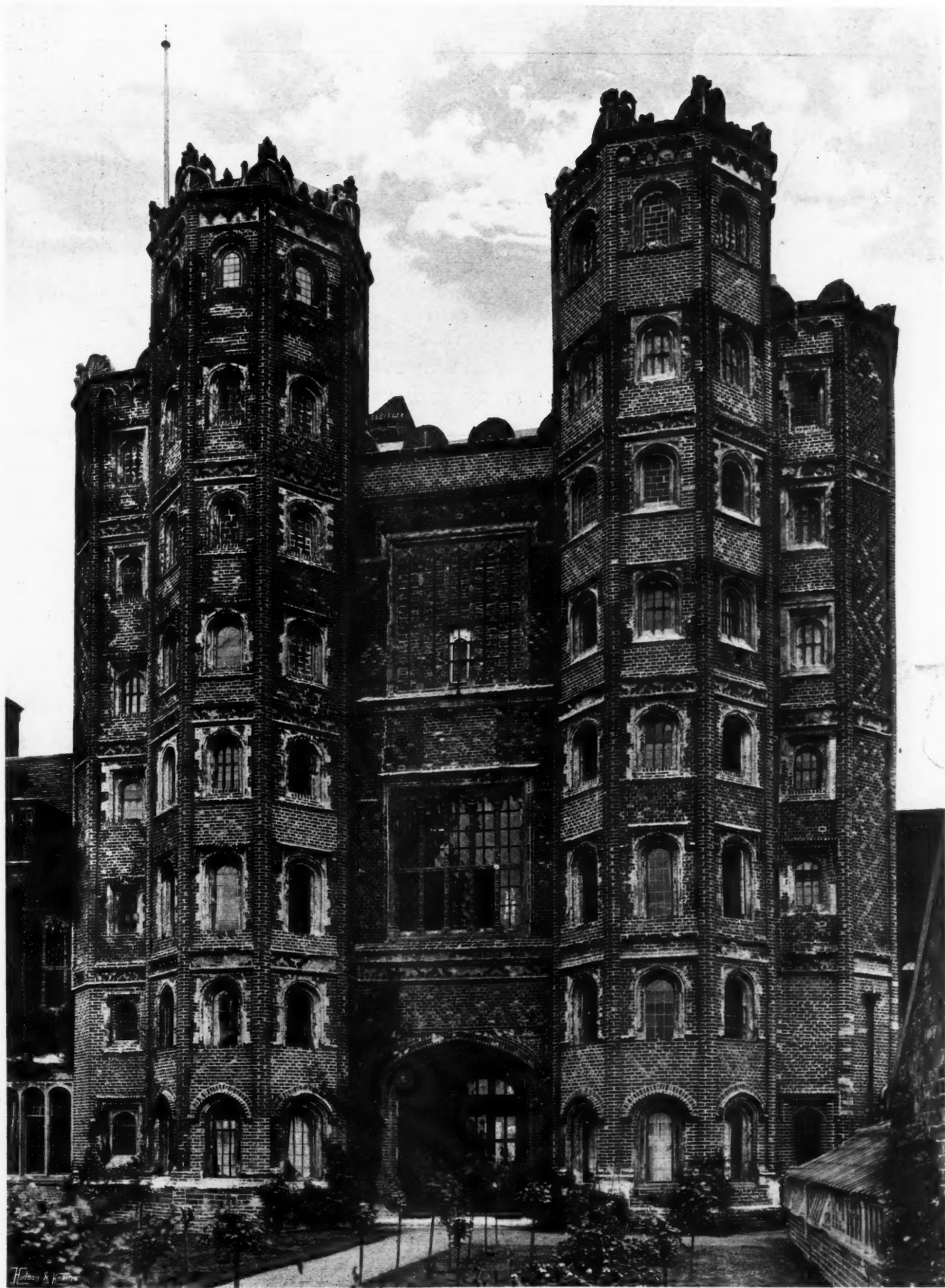
The plan of the house was a great quadrangle, measuring 104ft. by 76ft. internally, entered through the magnificent gatehouse of brick, which is now the principal portion of the house remaining, though some buildings of the quadrangle are there, and in the upper floor of one of them is a long dormitory, with an open timber roof of the period. The aspect of the magnificent pile of the gatehouse is most imposing, and the hue of the ancient brick, broken by the dark glazed lines and the flint, is most



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DETAIL OF THE NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



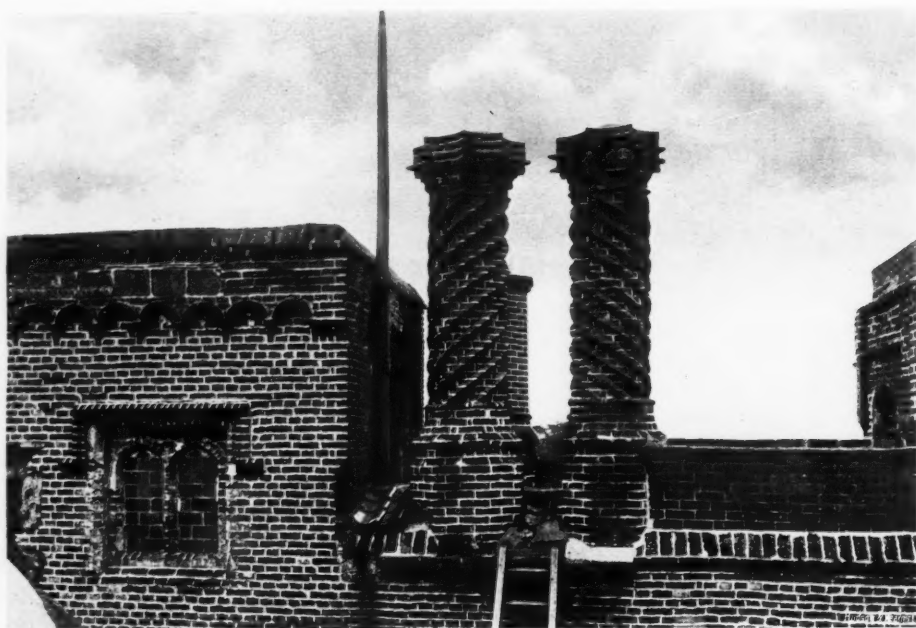
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THE SOUTH ASPECT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

pleasing to the eye. There is a low arched gateway, with two stories over it, each lighted by beautiful mullioned windows, but the most remarkable features are certainly the great octagonal towers which flank the approach, and rise each in eight stories to a height of 70ft. from the ground. If any fault be found with them it is in a certain monotony arising from the repetition of the same general features in each successive range. Yet it is not to be denied that in stately form and dignified character this gatehouse has few if any equals.

There are special architectural details in the place to which attention may now be directed. Layer Marney appears to be a very early, if not the earliest, considerable architectural work in which classical features were grafted upon old English forms. The building was begun in 1520, and it could not have been completed when the distinguished builder was raised to the peerage. It will be noticed that in general character it conforms to the English style of house, but an examination of its details will show that the classic spirit has largely influenced the design. Thus in the enrichment of the north front English trefoil arcading is associated with a classic egg and



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THE ANCIENT CHIMNEYS.

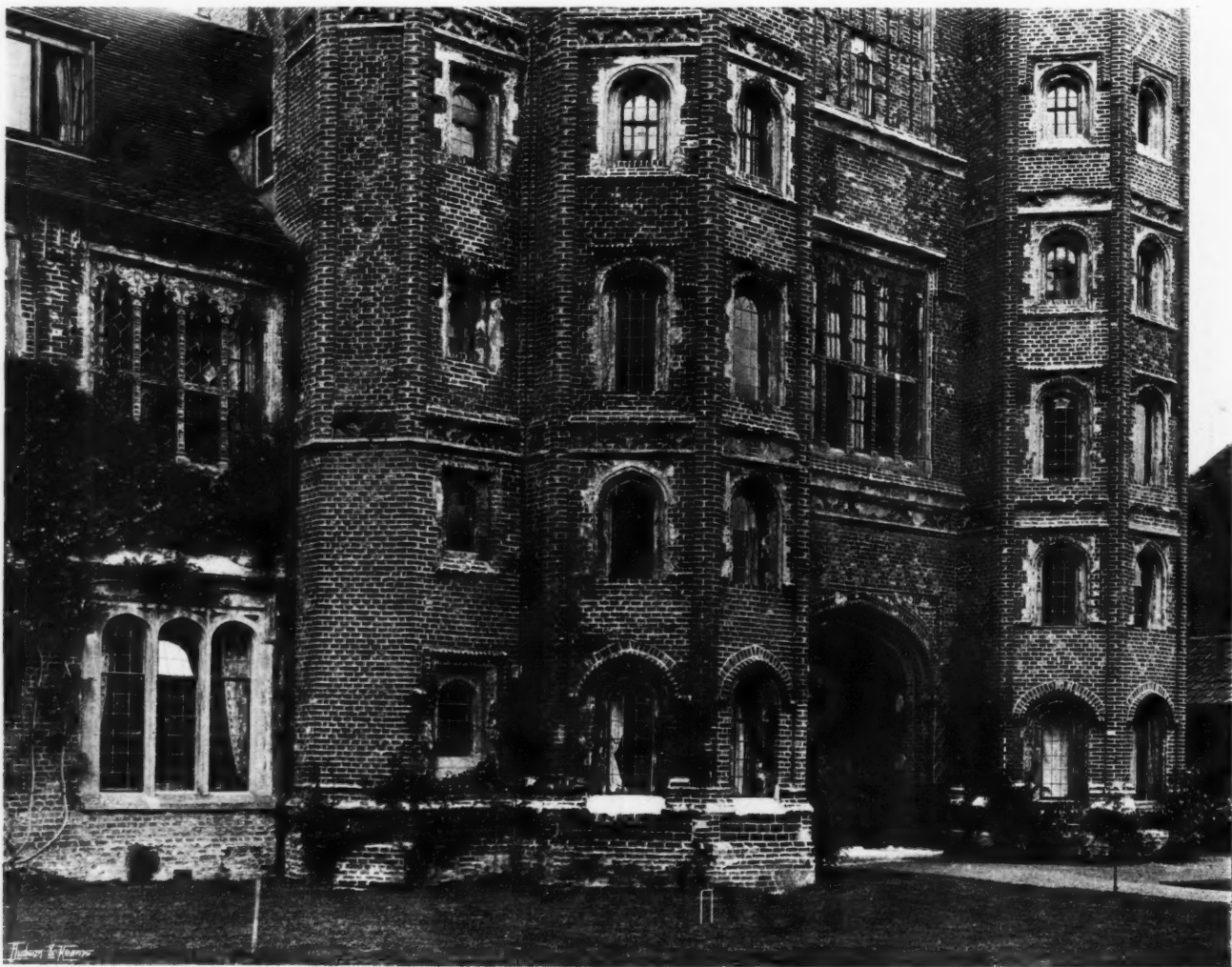
"COUNTRY LIFE."

tongue moulding. Again, the mullions take the form of Ionic columns, while the trefoil heads of the lights are a curious adaptation of classic curves. Like detail will also be noticed in our illustration of the top of the west tower.

It is also particularly noteworthy that much of the adornment is executed in moulded brick. The handicraft is most admirable, and the charming character of the twisted chimneys, the hood mouldings to windows, the trefoil bands of the main gateway, and other portions of the

structure will be admired. The Layer Marney terra-cotta is, indeed, as good as any old work of the kind in England. There is fine detail of the class at Sutton Place, Guildford, but that at Layer Marney seems to be better. The whole composition is, undoubtedly, most interesting, and the gatehouse occupies a most important place in the development of domestic architecture. It is more than likely that foreign skill had to do with some parts of the structure, for the workmen of Italy and Flanders were, at that time, much employed in England.

The tomb of the builder stands under a canopy in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in the Marney Chapel at the



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DETAIL OF THE SOUTH FRONT.

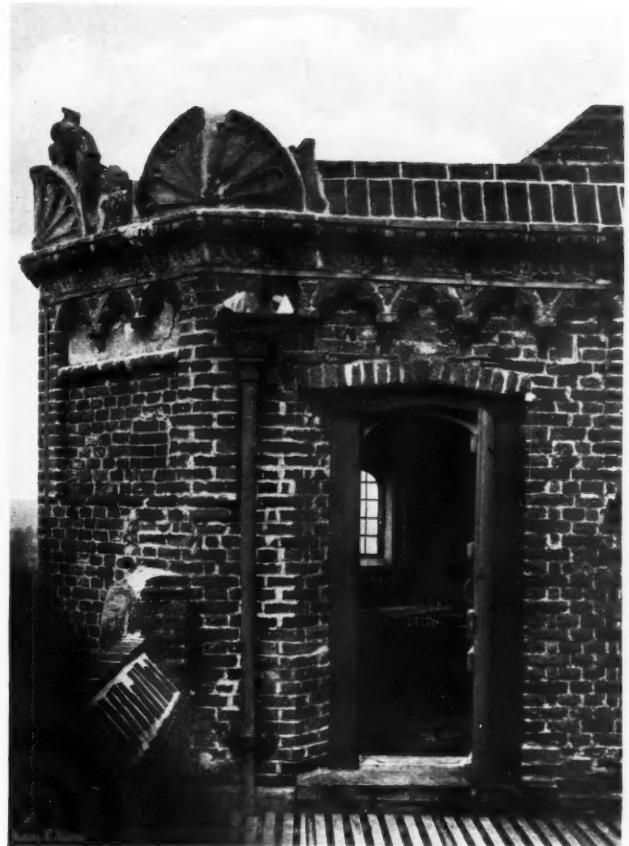
"COUNTRY LIFE."

east end of the north aisle, which the first Lord Marney built. The effigy is of black touchstone, and the figure, in its repose and dignity, represents masterly skill in the sculptor's art. The figure is in plate armour, with the Order of the Garter, and the same surrounds the arms upon the side of the tomb. The canopy and its support are entirely in the Italian style, and are both rich and beautiful, the whole composition standing far above the level of many monuments of the time. It seems extremely likely that the very hands which adorned the house Lord Marney looked forward to dwelling in were those which fashioned his tomb. The church is extremely interesting, and has some splendid chestnut roofing, which we illustrate. It contains also the alabaster effigy of Sir William de Marney, who died in 1414, and the tomb of the son of the builder of the house, the second and last Lord Marney, who died in 1525, very shortly after his father. This lord left two daughters, of whom Catherine was married twice—to George Ratcliff, and then to Thomas, Lord Poynings—while Elizabeth, the younger daughter, married Lord Thomas Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk.

The ancient house bears no great sign of changes effected by later hands. It is still an original work, so far as it remains. When its great quadrangle was surrounded by the original buildings the manor house must have been a truly noble structure. There are still panelled rooms, with carved oak, and rich plaster ceilings, as well as fine chimney-pieces and other adornments. Some of these appear to date from a little later, perhaps when the estate had passed from the hands of the builder's family. It is said to have been bought by Sir Brian Tuke, but other writers assert that it was conferred upon him by Royal favour in reward for his services. Tuke, who died at Layer Marney in 1545, had risen to a high place in the King's esteem, probably through the influence of the Duke of Norfolk. He had acted as King's bailiff at Sandwich, as Clerk of the Signet, and as Clerk of the Council of Calais. He became a Knight of the King's Body, and as Governor of the King's Posts did a great work of organisation. Afterwards he was secretary to Cardinal Wolsey, and then French Secretary to the King. He was one of the commissioners for treating for peace with France in 1528, and became Treasurer of the Royal Household. In 1533 he was Sheriff of Essex and Herts. He was succeeded in the possession of Layer Marney by his third son, Sir George Tuke, who was Sheriff of the county in 1557. The estate was afterwards sold to Sir Samuel Tryon, knight and baronet, of Blois Hall, and then passed by



Copyright CHESTNUT ROOF IN CHAPEL. "C.L."



Copyright THE WEST TOWER. "C.L."

sale to the families of Ellis and Corsellis. Nicholas Corsellis was an eminent Flemish merchant in London, naturalised as an Englishman in 1664, and a descendant, another Nicholas, was living at Layer Marney in 1742. Subsequently the house has passed through several hands, and is now in an excellent state, for Mr. Peache, who is Lord of the Manor, has restored the mansion and added something to it, thus making it a residence, and adorning it with pleasant gardens and other attractions.

Our illustrations are better descriptions of the house than words could be. They are designed to show both its general character and the splendid details which add so much interest to the structure. The builders displayed great fertility of resource, and succeeded in effecting a most happy blend of two totally dissimilar styles of architecture. They were also excellent craftsmen, and their work endures. Time has dealt gently in some respects with the results of their labour. The old front is weathered by the storms of centuries, and here and there the adornments have perished, but the general character remains, and for dignity of form and impressiveness of aspect we shall go far before finding anything comparable to Layer Marney Towers.

ENGLISH RIVERS: THE DART.

IT would be difficult to imagine a more dreary spot. The mind is penetrated by the spirit of hopeless desolation. We are standing in the midst of a great, dead sea. The very silence of the place appals. Rarely is it broken by the cry of a passing bird, fleeing as it were with terror from the isolation and mystery.

Here at our feet is the mysterious pool supposed to be the source of the Taw, the Tavy, and the Dart. It probably owes its name of Cranmere to the Celtic "cran," the fount or source, and the mystery that surrounds it to the perils which await the adventurous in the attempt to reach it through the pathless bogs. From this spot, or from anywhere within a few acres of it, starts the Dart on its wild tumultuous course—a course which is nowhere stayed until it sweeps gracefully into the land-locked harbour of ancient Dartmouth.

It rushes through towns whose antiquity carries us back to the regions of the fairy tale. Did not Brutus of Troy display a wisdom, no doubt the slow growth of years, when he came up the Dart and settled down with the assertion, afterwards unintentionally parodied in part by a great French marshal in the trenches before Malakoff:

"Here I am, and here I rest,
And this town shall be called Totnes?"



Copyright THE TOMB WITH THE CANOPY AT LAYER MARNEY TOWERS. "C.L."

The adventurous spirit which brought a Brutus to our hospitable shores has never died. We name but two instances from the long roll of Devon worthies who received their infant nurture within hearing of the turbulent rush of the lovely, savage Dart, and within easy reach of ancient Totnes, where "his" brown waters mingle and lose their distinctive colour amid the salt tide as it forces its irresistible path up from Dartmouth and the sea. Dart, we should have said, is "he" on native lips. As we walk south from Totnes and leave behind us the great rookeries and the heronry of Sharpham, we come upon a long reach of the river terminating in a great bay. Among the villages on its shores is Sandridge, the birthplace of John Davis, a typical Devon hero. Thrice he attempted the famous North-West Passage to the Pacific. First he made his way to the straits that for ever bear his name, and from thence he reached the coast of Baffin's Land. In the belief that he had accomplished his task, he called the point from which he returned the Cape of God's Mercy. In his last attempt he reached the straits afterwards named after Hudson. He then turned his attention to the South Seas, and, although abandoned by the other ships of his expedition, he continued his vain attempt to get through the Straits of Magellan. He discovered the Falkland Islands. Proceeding on our journey we reach the ancient house of Greenway, the home of the two famous Gilberts, half-brothers of Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Humphrey added Newfoundland to the dominions of the Crown.

Our final stage is Dartmouth itself. Our attention is at

once attracted by a black rock in the middle of the river, which is notable for two reasons. The legend goes that seated on this, the Anchor Rock, Sir Walter Raleigh smoked his first pipe in England. The other reason is connected with the social history of earlier days. Thither were deposited to face a rising tide the rebellious, stiff-necked, and stubborn among the ladies of the seaport. The experience seems to have been, as a rule, singularly successful. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* Next we notice two old battle-ships connected by a gallery. They form the Britannia, the training school of the young sea-dogs of to-day. And then we have reached the harbour, surrounded on all sides by lofty hills. Upon how many historic scenes have those steep hills looked down with calm indifference! On March 25th, 1190, there sailed forth in proud procession part of the fleet of the Crusaders. Upon many a stubborn contest, too, have the steep hills looked down. The death of Edward III. was the signal for a general descent of the French on the southern coast, and Dartmouth, alike with the towns between the Cinque Ports and Plymouth, was plundered by the invading fleet. For this they took a characteristic revenge some thirty years later, when with the other coast towns they ravaged the opposite shores, and sank no less than forty of the enemy's vessels. The next year the French sought revenge in their turn, and attacked the town, receiving a thoroughly Devonshire welcome. They left behind them on that occasion 400 killed and 200 prisoners. In the Civil Wars, Prince Maurice, Rupert's brother, took it after a siege of a month, and three years later Fairfax stormed the castles and forts. After this the importance of the town decreased. To know the lion-hearted race of earlier days we must betake ourselves to the pages of Hakluyt and Chaucer. There we shall see evidence in plenty to satisfy us of the nature of these bold, unscrupulous, and lusty corsairs, than whom the world has seen no finer fighting stock.

But while we are thus gratifying the historic sense, and poor is he indeed, and beyond redemption, who cannot thus be stirred, we must not forget the purely æsthetic pleasures that Dart can bestow with no niggard hand on those who are in sympathy with his wild and savage nature. There is no foot of this delightful river, from the wild solitude of his cradle to where his sober brown melts into a sea-green, "suffers a sea-change," that is not fraught with its distinctive charm. The dawn as it slowly spreads is mirrored in his pools. The sun flashes radiance from the dark wet granite, wet with the spray of countless falls. The thinnest and filmiest of veils of spray, finer and more gossamer-like than aught that has adorned an earthly bride, are tossed aloft by the sportive wind beneath the soft light of the smiling moon. Below the sullen, echoing hills, through silver mist or drenching torrent from the sky of all-pervading grey, he winds his course. Through gorge and ravine, from the bosom of the eternal hills, flaming with gorse and broom, or blasted as with the desolation of death, his waters now "ruddier than a cherry," now toned into a peaty brown, Dart forces his untiring, panting way through a chaos of fern and ling over countless boulders of granite. At each bend in the hills the music of the race is enhanced as he embraces a fresh brother or sister, who has rushed down to join him from the moors, until the mad riot of the orchestra with its countless intertwining *motifs* softens slowly, and tone by tone, into the noble and sensuous march of the sweep round Sharpham Woods, and of the final absorption in the salt tide.

Of the many spots that linger in the memory, Holne Chase stands out in relief. We follow the road from Buckfastleigh to Ashburton, the very road on which Sir Walter Raleigh was arrested three months before the foul intrigues of his enemies

brought low that stately head. Two miles from Ashburton we cross the Dart on Holne Bridge. In the train through Totnes and Buckfastleigh we might have noticed that the cuttings had exposed a bed of gravel far above the present level of the river. Here Dart once flowed. If constant dropping wears away a stone, the resistless rush of the torrent can do more. Beyond Holne Bridge, up the left bank, we find this gravel at a height, incredible as it may seem, of quite 80ft. above the present stream. Hard by we pass into the Buckland Woods, from the beautiful drive in which we get a series of enchanting views of the river and of Holne Chase on the opposite side. Notable are the Raven Rock and the Lovers' Leap. Or we may go into the Chase itself, and on to the village of Holne. The church is worth seeing for its carved screen with painted figures of forty

saints, and its octagonal pulpit decorated with heraldic shields. From the vicarage may be seen the finest view of the Chase. The house is otherwise interesting to us as the birthplace of Charles Kingsley. About two miles further on is Benjie Tor, from which may be obtained a general view of the Chase and its surroundings, and, in addition, a fine view of Dartmoor. On a clear day we can see from this spot the sparkling roofs of the convict establishment at Princetown, and in the other direction the blue sea as far as Portland Island. The traveller should not fail to get down to the Dart from here and make his way by the river-side to Dartmeet. *ETHEL DE MEDINA GREENSTREET.*

[Most of our readers will have heard of the lamentable but brave death of Mrs. Greenstreet, who was engaged in writing a series of articles on the rivers of Western England.]

THE HARVEST IN NEW ZEALAND.

HARVESTING in New Zealand, except as to the period of year, closely resembles

harvest-time at home.

Practically the same crops are grown at the Antipodes as at home, but the New Zealand farmer has the advantage in respect to weather. His seed-sowing, for instance, will commence in May, and can be continued on into September and even October—their late autumn and spring. The land that is mostly under cereal cultivation in New Zealand is generally level and free from impediments of any kind, so that double and three-furrow ploughs are the varieties that are in commonest use; and drawn by three or four horses, a man, or what the Scotch call a "halfin," is expected to do over three acres a day, the cost coming to about 6s. per acre. After ploughing the land may get a stroke of the disc harrow, then the seed, in the case of wheat frequently dressed with blue-stone, is hand sown, though sometimes it is drilled in to protect it from birds, and the operation of sowing is completed by a light, often primitive, harrow being put over the land.

To the New Zealand farmer with respect to cereal growing the manure bill is nearly unknown. On the other hand, if he has to employ hired labour, his wages bill per head will run to £1 a



W. Reid.

AN AMERICAN REAPER.

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week with food and lodging, and a bonus in harvest-time which will add about £10 more. A heavy labour bill has, therefore, made the New Zealander keen to take advantage of any form of labour-saving appliances, and the American agricultural implement-maker finds in him a good customer. At any rate, it is safe to say that the major portion of the grain harvested in New Zealand is cut by American reaping and binding machines.

If some idea of the distribution of agriculture in New Zealand is first gained it will best illustrate, we think, the statement that New Zealand harvesting operations are on similar lines to our own. Of all the colonies under the Southern Cross, New Zealand leads in respect to rotations, as in this colony turnips are frequently grown between two grain crops, and these are followed by sown grasses which lie for some years. The chief agricultural section of New Zealand is the provincial districts of Canterbury and Otago, in the Middle or South Island, for about 85 per cent. of the total area under grain crops in the colony is to be found within these two districts. In the North Island is to be found the largest area of surface-sown grass (the land not having been ploughed) that there is in the colony; practically indicating pastoral pursuits, such as dairying and sheep-rearing,



W. Reid.

A HEAVY CROP.

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this being specially the character of the districts of Auckland, Hawke's Bay, and Wellington. In the Middle Island the two grain-growing provinces already named, Canterbury and Otago, are also the areas where there exists the largest amount of grass or clover, which is sown after ploughed land. In 1902 over 11,500,000 acres were sown with grasses in New Zealand, and of this it may be taken that 1,000,000 acres were specially sown and cut—mainly in the Middle Island—for seed, producing over 5,000 tons of rye-grass and cocksfoot, of which a large proportion comes home as seed for English farmers.

The relative importance of the various crops that are harvested in New Zealand will be evident if we compare the areas under cultivation with the crop areas of Victoria, which is regarded as the most progressive agricultural state in the Commonwealth. The following table shows the percentage of area under each crop last year:

		Victoria.	New Zealand.
Wheat	...	50.2	10.2
Oats	...	11.1	25.2
Barley	...	10.1	1.7
Maize	...	0.3	0.8
Hay	...	22.6	3.9
Potatoes	...	1.4	1.9
Vines	...	0.9	—
Roots, seeds, and other crops	...	3.4	56.3
		100.0	100.0



W. Reid.

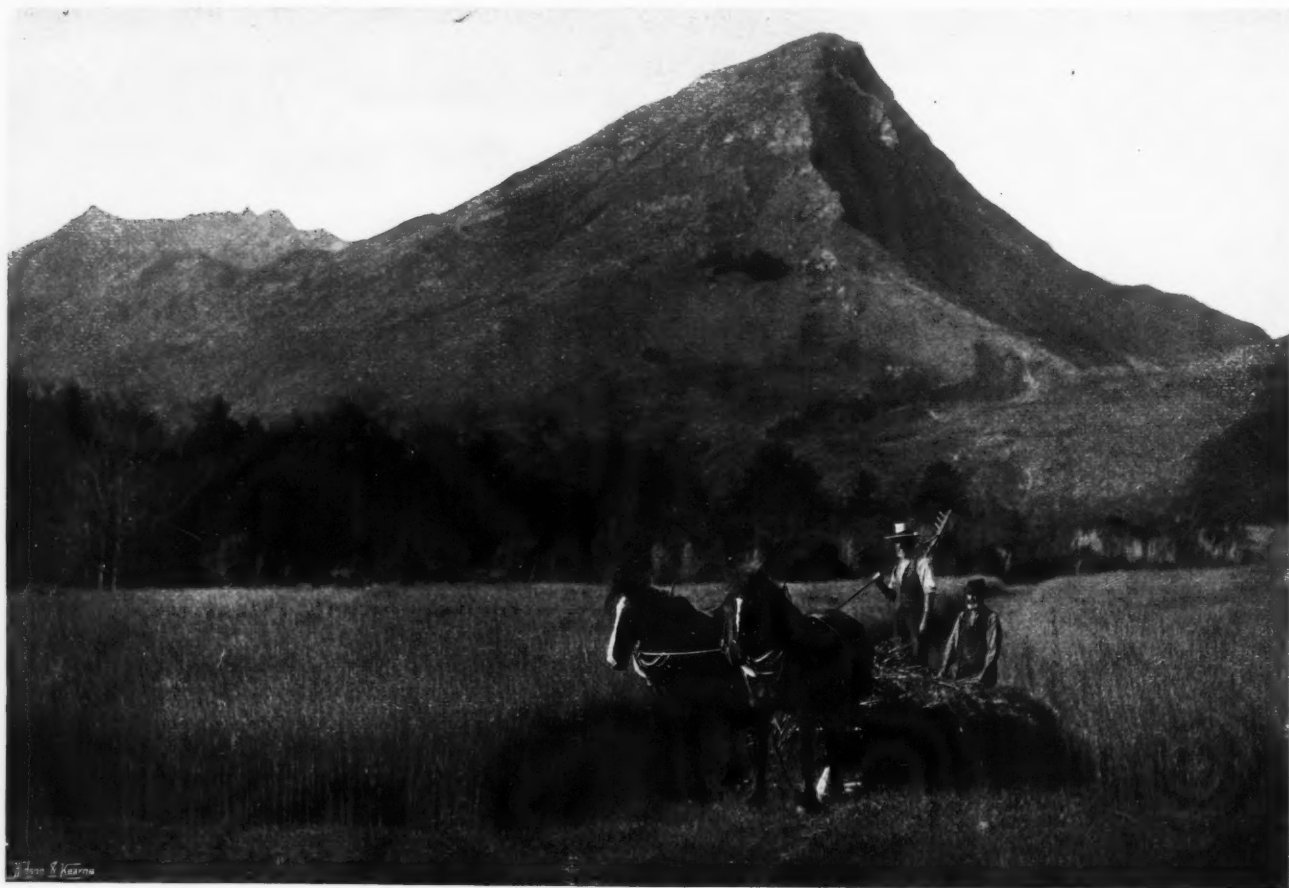
ON A NEW ZEALAND FARM.

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New Zealand is, perhaps, not such an agricultural colony as Victoria, at any rate it is not such a cereal-growing colony, for according to Australian statistics the acreage under crop on the basis of population is 2.6 in the latter colony, as compared with 2.1 in the former, while the return from agriculture is about 3½ per cent. more in Victoria than in New Zealand.

Harvesting hay is an easy matter in New Zealand, but the term is apt to be mistaken at

home, as in our Southern Colonies wheat, oats, barley, and lucerne are all grown for hay, and in New Zealand large areas are under oaten and lucerne hay. Mixtures of seeds, as in England, are sown in New Zealand, but the area so sown does not represent the hay crop as it does at home. Sometimes clover, more especially the white and alsike varieties, is made into hay. It is sown with a spring crop, lightly grazed in the following autumn, and then kept for hay, yielding about 2 to 3 tons per acre. As a rule, however, it is fed off by sheep instead of being mowed, and the after-crop allowed to go to seed, when it is cut and dried, and thrashed out by machines called clover shellers, the white clover giving big yields. The seeds, as we understand them, are sown separately, to be harvested as a crop, and are usually gathered by stripping, but sometimes the grass is cut and tied, and afterwards thrashed by machinery. The stripper is a peculiarly Australian machine, and is a combination reaping and thrashing machine which cuts off the heads of the standing crop and thrashes and throws off the grain sacked on the field. The climate of New Zealand



W. Reid.

AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.

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W. Reid.

LUNCHEON-TIME.

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seems to favour haymaking, whatever be the crop utilised, as it often can be cut one day, raked into windrows the next, and in about three days more is ready for stacking.

The crop which is most largely grown in New Zealand is unquestionably oats, 90 per cent. of the total production coming from Otago and Canterbury. The former district is *par excellence* the oat-growing area in New Zealand, and the crop yields in it about 41 bushels per acre, as compared with 32 bushels per acre in Canterbury. The total acreage under oats in New Zealand is almost equal to the entire oat area of the Commonwealth of Australia, while the average yield is about 15 bushels greater. The harvest, it may be said, is practically one of oats in New Zealand, and in 1902 this colony exported about 10,500,000 bushels of oats, as against an export of 1,750,000 bushels by the entire Commonwealth of Australia. Compared again with Victoria, the value of the oat crop per acre in New Zealand is about double that in the former colony or state. The districts that excel in oat production are both Otago and Southland, it being also their principal cereal crop, and the cost of production ranging from 30s. to 40s. per acre.

The great wheat-growing district of New Zealand is the Canterbury plains, followed by Otago, the wheat grown on the limestone soil at Oamuru in this province being famous in Australian agricultural annals. As already mentioned, though the extreme southern districts grow wheat, they must be regarded more as oat producers than anything else. Owing to fall in prices, New Zealand, within the last ten years, has reduced her wheat area to

about a third of what it used to be, bringing her production down from 10,000,000 bushels to 4,000,000 bushels; yet the wheat harvest is of importance to the colony, as can be readily seen when we compare it with that of Victoria. The average yield in New Zealand of wheat is about 25 bushels per acre, as compared with 7 bushels in Victoria, and the value per acre is four times greater in New Zealand than in Victoria. This may be taken to be due mainly to the heavy yield received in New Zealand from a cultivated area which is small but specially selected. New Zealand, however, feeds herself with wheat, and though she only exports 2,000,000 bushels, as against Victoria's 10,000,000 bushels, it should be remembered to her credit that her consumption of wheat is nearly 8 bushels per head, as compared with the Victorian consumption of 5 bushels.

Typical harvesting operations in New Zealand can be best seen on the wheatlands of the Canterbury plains, a prairie area about 150 miles long and 50 miles wide, and it may be said that practically New Zealand harvesting does not differ from what is carried on at home, or, say, in Canada. It does, however, differ from the wheat harvest in Australia, in that zone or belt where the stripper is used, for there only the heads are taken off, and

the straw is left on the ground. As the cost of manual labour is high, labour-saving machines, with the latest improvements, are in demand, and especially in respect to reapers the New Zealander has nothing to learn from his English farming brethren. The American machines he uses give with him, perhaps, even better results than with us, as in the United States the cultivator does



W. Reid.

A GOOD TEAM.

Copyright

not mind a stubble of six inches or so, and as the machines are originally made not to cut so low as the English farmer desires, he therefore gets the full amount of work out of them by using them at their original setting. Another advantage the New Zealand wheat farmer possesses is that his fields or paddocks are much larger than ours, and usually they are so level that he can work his machine more economically than we can in England. He has in his favour also the mild and to some extent constant nature of the climate, giving him many more fine working days, and generally rendering the housing of his stock unnecessary, at any rate in a part of the wheat-growing area. The harvesters, as with us, cut and bind, and the farmer sets up in stooks, which, however, require no further attention, such as capping, etc. The grain is frequently thrashed out of the stook, but if it be stacked the stacks are rarely thatched, and the attention to details given by stack builders at home is wanting.

Wheat and oats are not the only grain that is harvested in New Zealand, for there is a very fair acreage under barley. The leading centres of barley production are Canterbury,

Marlborough, Otago, and Nelson, the best malting barleys being grown in Nelson and Marlborough. The New Zealand average for barley is about 30 bushels per acre, being about 14 bushels more than the Victorian yield, yet the value of the Victorian barley is about 3s. an acre more. The striking difference, however, between New Zealand and the Australian Commonwealth in respect to barley growing lies in the fact that the former exports over 250,000 bushels, while the latter imports about 340,000 bushels of barley and malt.

Perhaps some idea of the extent to which harvesting operations are confined to the Middle or South Island in New Zealand may be gathered from the fact that only 10 per cent. of the total acreage of grain crops which are harvested and thrashed can be placed in the North Island. This unequal distribution arises from the Middle Island having a larger percentage of open plains where multiple ploughs and harvesters can be satisfactorily worked, and from its not being so forest-clad as the North Island.

R. HEDGER WALLACE.

THE GARDEN AT WESTBURY COURT.



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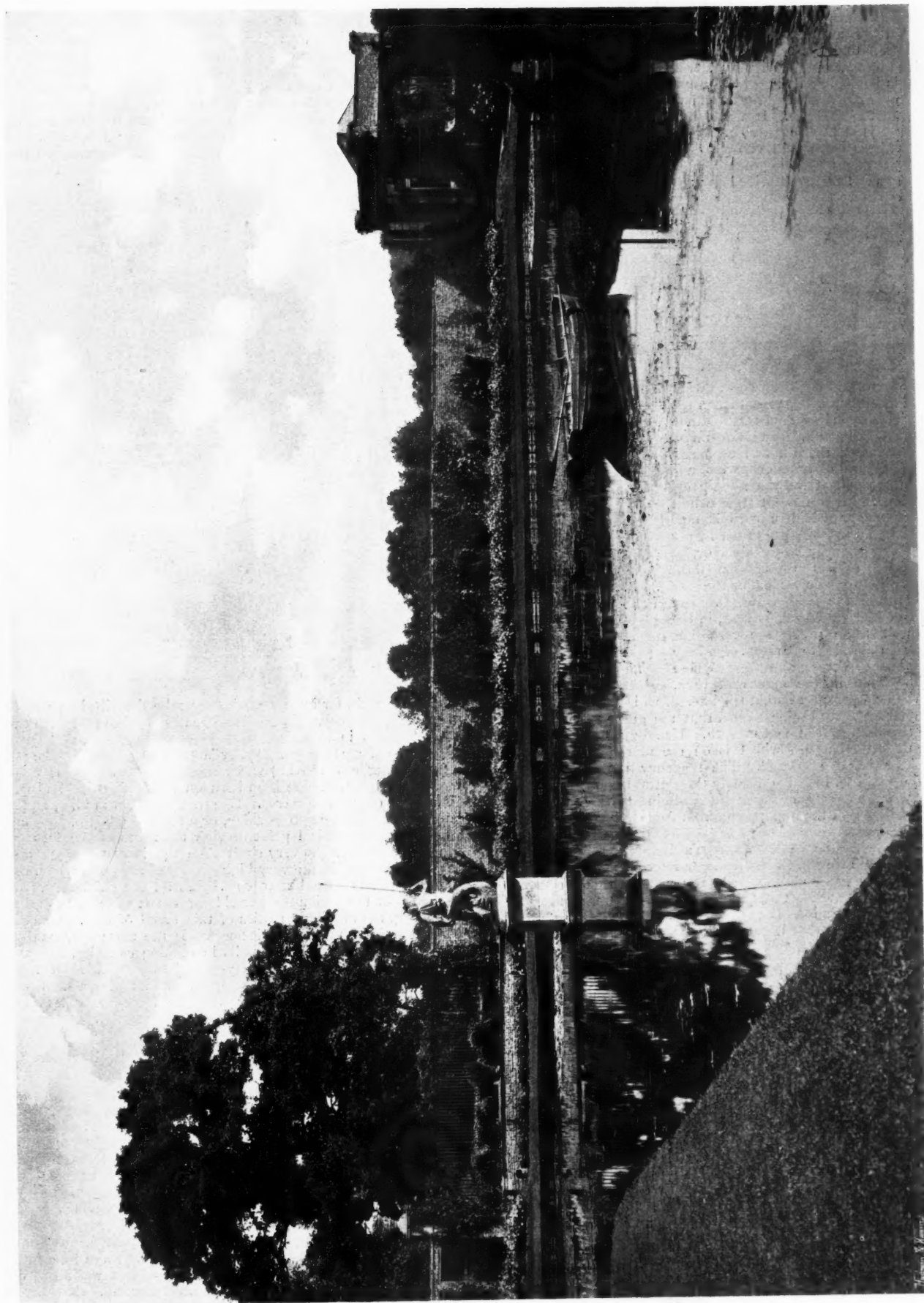
THE LONG WATER AT WESTBURY COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE two pictures of the old garden at Westbury Court by the river Severn have an interest that might escape a casual survey of their features. Westbury Court is the old seat of the Colchesters, of whom Sir Duncombe Colchester, 1630-94, was an ardent Royalist, while his son, Colonel Maynard Colchester, was a philanthropist, and one of the original founders of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Mr. Maynard Willoughby Colchester-Wemyss, the present possessor, assumed the additional name of Colchester on succeeding to the estates of that family in Gloucestershire and Herefordshire, his grandfather having married in 1808 the daughter of Mr. John Colchester of Westbury, descended from the marriage of Sir Duncombe Colchester with Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir John Maynard, a very famous lawyer, who represented Totnes in both the Long and Short Parliaments, who impeached Strafford and Stafford, and was one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal.

Mr. Colchester-Wemyss removed the old house, which had been found inadequate to modern requirements, and was some-

what in disrepair, and a new house of good character has arisen upon the same site. The old gardens, however, remain, and are an excellent example of the Dutch style as employed in England in the reign of William and Mary. It will be noticed that there is a long canal bordered by yew hedges, and overlooked by an old summer-house. In Sir Robert Atkyns's "Ancient and Present State of Gloucestershire" is an engraving of Westbury, with its old gardens, by Kip, as the place existed in the time of Colonel Maynard Colchester about the year 1700. The old house is shown in the foreground, with gables, oriels, and much appearance of antiquity, and from a gateway a flagged path leads up to the entrance. In the forecourt is a rectangular area of gravel or turf, with sentinel-like yews standing at intervals around it. Beyond the house formal gardens are represented, of large size and dignified character, and parallel with the mansion runs a long water, extending far to the right, and at the end of it is the summer-house with its two storeys and its pediment. At the nearer end of the water, as we see it in the picture, is a terrace, from which the gardens might be surveyed, and the water is flanked on both sides with pyramidal and globular yews



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE GARDEN CANAL AT WESTBURY.

Copyright

alternately. Between this long water and the church, lying at the side of the house, another garden is seen, consisting of four principal compartments, and a square basin of water further away, flanked on one side by a long pergola.

There are features in these old gardens, as represented by Kip, which are somewhat unusual, for, beyond the long water, and further away from the house, is a garden extending its whole length, margined by pyramidal and globular trees, and divided into many compartments transversely, and another long canal is beyond it and extends round the end. Then, further away again, are other gardens and parterres, and avenues lead out into the distance. It would not appear that the figure of Neptune is in Kip's engraving. Not everything remains exactly as it existed more than 200 years ago, but still Westbury is a remarkably interesting example of the old formal style of gardenage, having survived all the passing changes of taste which intervened between the age of William and the present time.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE PROGRESS OF HARVEST.

IT was hoped last week, when September brought with it a few days of bright summer weather, that, after all, harvesting might be better than it had promised, but the return of thunder-storms and rain at the end of the week dissipated this hope. Throughout the whole country a great deal of corn is now laid so badly that the use of the reaper is made practically impossible, or, at the best, it has to confine itself laboriously to one side, instead of going round the field as usual. But a still greater drawback is that, in the North at all events, the corn has simply refused to ripen. Many thousands of acres are as green now as they were in the month of June, and the best prospect is that the harvest will be no better than a hen's harvest, or, in other words, that the grain will be good for little else than to feed poultry with. Usually at this time of the year the first English wheat is on the market, but very few samples have yet appeared. The tendency has been for prices to go up a little, but that is only the natural movement before harvest when stocks are being much diminished. Already signs are manifest that the importation from America will be unusually large this year.

LORD ROTHSCHILD'S JERSEYS.

Sales at Tring Park are always interesting, and that held the other day was no exception to the general rule. Its occurrence was due to the fact that Lord Rothschild has let Champney's Farm, which for a long time has been used as wintering ground for the Jerseys, so that it became necessary to reduce the herd. As a matter of course, many of the leading buyers were attracted,

and the sales brought in a total of 1,003½ guineas, the average for the cows being £27 13s. 3d., while seven bulls sold for 134 guineas, an average of £20 2s. 0d. each. The highest price was obtained for Charm, who got first prize for heifers at the Oxford and Herts Show this year. She was purchased by Mr. McCulloch for export to Australia, and was bought for 58 guineas, a low price considering her quality. A good opportunity was afforded of studying this fine herd of Jerseys, which, needless to say, is kept in the very best order; in fact, to go in at Tring at any time is to find the animals as nicely kept as if they were being prepared for show; but the remarkable point is the fine milk record that has been established for the breed at Tring. It averaged last year 6,304lb. of milk per cow, and some of the animals produced quantities that do not compare unfavourably with the yield of a good shorthorn.



W. A. Rouch.

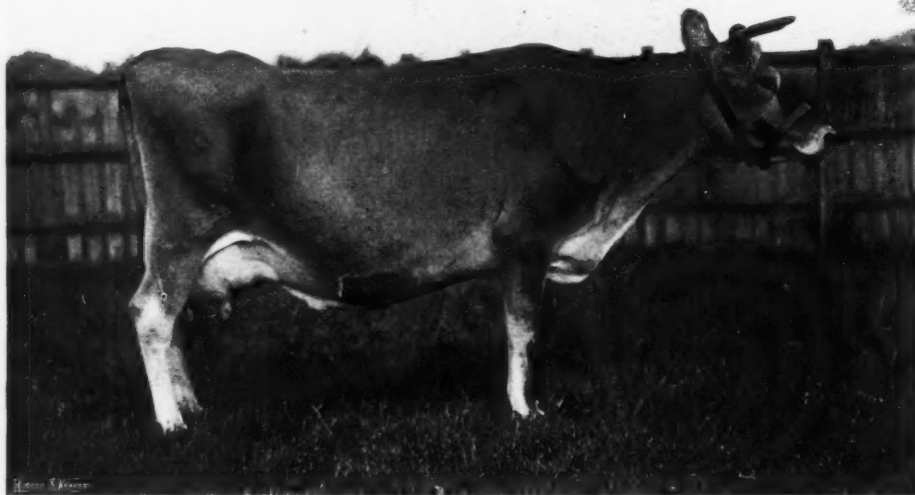
A DAIRY RED-POLL.

Copyright—"C.L."

Sultane 14th, for instance, who must be described as a veteran, since she was calved in 1888, and has herself brought forth twelve calves, was in milk for 334 days out of the 365, and gave an average of 29.19lb. per day, or a total of 9,751lb. The record of another cow (Joyful) was almost as good. She is a much younger beast, having been born on September 20th, 1897, and has had only three calves. She was 306 days in milk, and gave an average of 32.23lb. per day, or a total of 9,865lb. per annum. From an economical point of view the value of the Jersey as a milk cow lies in the very short time she is dry during the year, and, of course, in the very high quality of the milk, which makes her supreme as a butter cow. Lord Rothschild deserves the thanks of the agricultural world for the trouble he has taken to develop the milking qualities of this breed of cow. One of the most striking proofs of his success is the close approach which the herd makes to the red-polls in milking capacity. Last year thirty-one Jerseys yielded a total of 195,432lb., or an average of 6,304 8-31lb., while forty-one cows yielded a total of 261,711lb., or an average of 6,383 8-41lb.

EAST ANGLIAN REPORTS.

In spite of the terrific storms that have swept over East Anglia, in one of which eighteen sheep belonging to Lord Iveagh were killed, the reports are not quite so bad as might have been expected. At Peterborough market last Saturday samples of new wheat were shown, and although the price fell from 31s. on the previous Saturday to 28s. and 27s. 6d. per quarter, the quality was generally described as "very fair." The two or three fine days at the beginning of last week had dried the sheaves so much that it was possible to thrash them without stacking. Barley is said to have been originally a good crop, though much has been injured by being laid and stained by the wet. One of the best crops is that of oats, while beans and peas are also good, although the



W. A. Rouch.

SULTANE.

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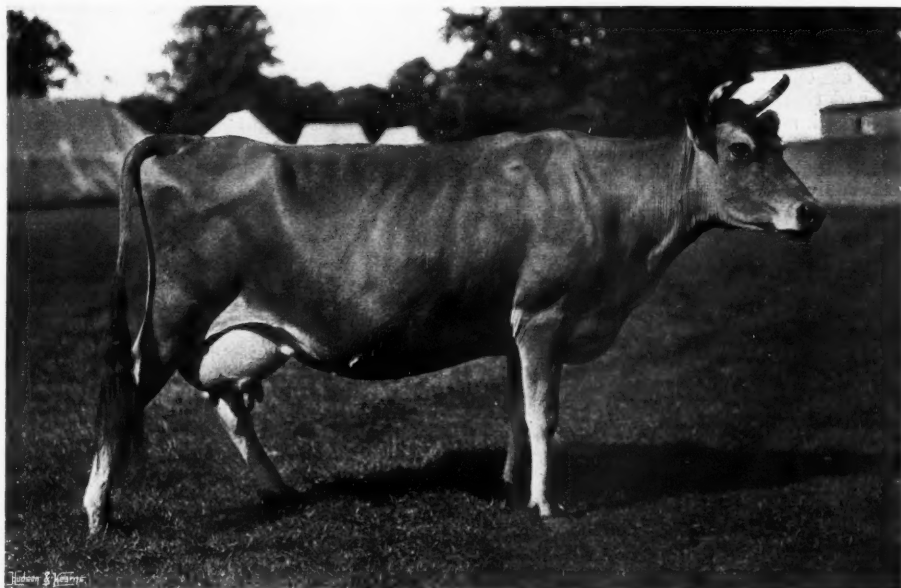
former are somewhat spoiled by shelling. One of the failures of the year is that of the potato, which is suffering from blight, and it is greatly to be feared that this will hold true of nearly the whole of England. We may expect potatoes to be very dear during the coming season. The prices obtained in the Fen country at present range from 40s. to 80s. a ton. Mustard, which is now grown extensively in the neighbourhood of March, has also suffered from shelling. Rye-grass is a failure, but other grasses have naturally profited by the wet weather, and there is, at all events, no prospect of a lack of feed for the coming winter.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

HALTING MIGRANTS.

THE heat-wave which came with "The First" effectively stopped the migration of birds for the time. With July sunshine and July flowers all round them, who was to tell the birds that it was

September and their tourist season? Not that they care a single gnat about our calendar dates. We have been clever enough to draw up for our own purposes a table of the year which only varies from the real year by a small fraction of time; and, as Nature also brings her operations to a period in the twelve months, it usually occurs that we can fix a fairly accurate date for the happening of everything out of doors. But it does not matter to the early migrants that the dawn of September usually finds them on the move, so long as soft airs from south and west bring out hosts of insects for them to feed upon. To a certain extent, and unintentionally, no doubt the birds are carried backwards in their flittings by these south-west winds; and, while the warm weather lasts, observers on the East Coast can note that the gatherings of swallows and martins on the roofs grow more rapidly than can be accounted for by the local output of late broods. As the extra birds cannot have come against the wind over the sea from the north-east, it seems clear that, being temporarily homeless, they have allowed themselves to drift with the wind



W. A. Rouch.

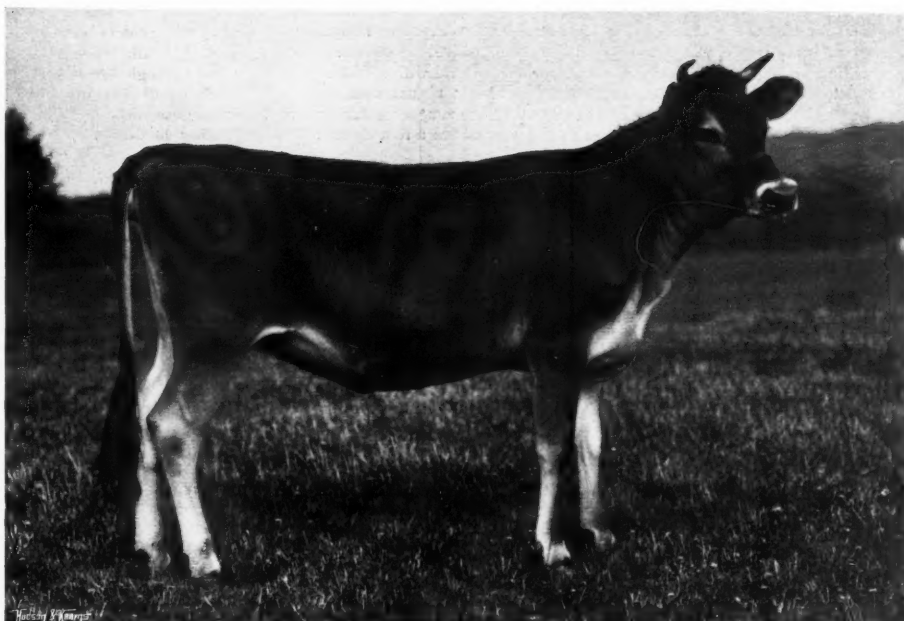
OXFORD DAYLIGHT.

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some little distance backward on their journey. As a rule, however, the instinct of the migrating bird is to halt contentedly wherever he may find summery conditions and southerly winds prevailing, and only to fly restlessly on when the chill of the North overtakes him.

A YOUNG CUCKOO.

Every year a pair of pied wagtails have nested about an old cart-shed close to the house, usually upon the axle of a broken-down cart, which has been left there so long that it is now almost hidden every year among nettles and weeds. This year we somehow omitted to look for the nest, though we saw the wagtails going in and out as usual; and we are sorry now, because it happens that the nest contained a cuckoo. Every morning the bird comes to the garden regularly between 9 a.m. and 10 a.m., and is fed on the margin of the croquet lawn by his foster-mother. Presently he grows tired of the garden, and flies into the neighbouring park-field, skimming low along the ground, dutifully followed by his busy nurse. Here, with a pretty shrewd idea of where food is likely to be found most easily, he alights upon the field road, and flits a few yards along it at a time from one likely spot to another.



W. A. Rouch.

GLITTER.

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Though most of his food is found for him, he often picks up an insect or two for himself, sometimes even taking a running series of hops after one like a very clumsy thrush. The contrast between this movement and the dainty mincing steps of the little wagtail who regards him as her son is almost more marked than the contrast in their size. But he is evidently not fond of pedestrian exercise, and spends most of his time squatted low on the ground, almost like a legless bird, squeaking to his foster-mother to "hurry up with those flies."

THE GIPSY INSTINCT.

As a rule the wagtail collects insects at some distance from her charge, and when she has a beakful, flies up to him and delivers them so quickly that she almost seems to have flown against him and rebounded. Sometimes, however, when he sees that she has found a good spot, and is very busy among the flies, he has the sense to fly to her, and attend her closely with little flights of a yard or two, so as to get the food more quickly. Presently he tires of this beat and flies off, skimming low, straight to a small tree which, curiously enough, was always his father's favourite perch after crossing the field. From here he flies, keeping well below the level of the hedge, just like his father, to a distant corner where he is lost to view, until next morning, when he arrives at half-past nine upon the margin of the croquet lawn. These wanderings, in which he is closely followed by his foster-mother, seem to indicate the gipsy instinct of the race, which will lead him a few days hence, when the morning air is chill and even his active and intelligent little guardian will hardly find a fly, to take a wider flight, and so, with the cold wind carrying him on, he will find himself fairly started on his way to Africa. But, looking at the great baby as he squats on the road crying to a little bird for food, one can hardly realise that within a week or two he will be finding his unaided way over two seas and many lands to Africa, perhaps returning next year to cry "cuckoo, cuckoo" round the house, and show his mate of a wandering hour a wagtail's nest under an old cart where she can place their egg.

ROBIN AND HEDGE-SPARROW.

The robin is fortunately independent of the hawthorn's crop; and we can rejoice without misgiving in the number of spruce redbreasts popping about in the shrubberies, since we can, if we choose, see that they do not starve, whatever the winter may be. By his habit of nesting in crevices, the robin seems to gain a start in spring from his cousin the hedge-nesting hedge-sparrow, which he retains all the year. He is not obliged to wait until the spring herbage grows, and his young, born earlier, are naturally ready to assume adult plumage earlier; and they assert their independent rights and sing in proclamation thereof before the end of August as a rule, whereas the hedge-sparrows rarely follow suit until the end of September. Although, however, it may seem easy to trace the robin's precedence to his habit of nesting in concealed places, there must have been a reason for this too; and I like to think that it was the robin's confidence in man, dating perhaps from the days when man was not yet civilised, which gave him this start in life. Certainly, if the ancestor of the robin adopted in those far-distant days the habit of haunting the caves where our ancestors dwelt in the same way that he haunts our premises now, he would have been able to nest earlier than the hedge-sparrow in the jungle, because his monopoly of the leavings from human meals would have supplied food for his young even in an

inclement spring, while the crevices of the cave provided the snug holes that he seeks for his nest. This may be all fancy, but it explains what seems otherwise inexplicable, namely, why young robins, which, of course, inherit the instincts of distant ancestors, all come into the world with a distinct and fearless fondness for the company of man. It is almost absurd sometimes to see a speckled young robin, when other birds fly before you, come deliberately half across the garden in order to perch in full view within a foot or two.

CONTRASTS IN MOULTING.

The robin seems to score an advantage over the hedge-sparrow, too, in the ease with which he gets through his moult. Perhaps it affects him less, being completed in warmer weather, or, as is more probable, he gets it over before he returns to our gardens; but it is certainly a fact that you seldom see a very untidy robin, whereas almost all the hedge-sparrows appear to become deplorable objects at the end of August. Other birds are affected in appearance by the moult in curiously different ways. The starling, for instance, has an intermediate phase, half in and half out of his adult plumage, when he seems considerably handsomer than when the change is complete; and when the greenfinch drops the dull middle feathers of his tail he will flash before you down the hedge with a streak of bright yellow which almost

suggests a golden oriole. In spring he makes the most of the yellow in his wings and tail, with quivering flight and outspread feathers; but in early autumn, though his flight is swift and straight, you can see how dangerous his sexual decoration would be if Nature had not wisely overlaid it for ordinary use with duller feathers. With this exception, the greenfinch and all other hard-billed birds seem to get over their moult very easily and gradually, and as from the nature of their food they must haunt the open a great deal, it is no doubt necessary that they should not be seriously handicapped at any time in flight. Soft-billed birds, on the other hand, which can always find abundance of insect food in early autumn without venturing much into the open, are able to moult in such a wholesale fashion as often makes them absurd to look at, and almost deprives them of the power of flight. We see this contrast carried still further in the case of the swallows, which, taking their food on the wing, and having no certain interval between the fledging of their last brood and their departure for Africa, cannot afford to moult at all while they are with us, but defer it till they are safe in their winter quarters; and, on the other hand, in water-birds, such as ducks, geese, and swans, which by reason of their safe retreats among the water vegetation are able to dispense with all the flight feathers of their wings at once, and so get over the worst part of their moulting at a single stroke. E. K. R.

THE HOME OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.



A. H. Robinson.

MONK'S MILL, SCROOBY.

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THE tablet which forms the subject of one of our illustrations to-day gives, in a brief and compendious legend, the story which sheds an undying interest over Scrooby Manor and its neighbourhood. As will be seen, the tablet was erected by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts, to mark the site where lived William Brewster, the central figure in that band of exiles who have come down to history as the Pilgrim Fathers. The troubles of which this emigration was the outcome date from an earlier time than that at which it actually took place. From the period at which the Reformation had been accomplished, there had been those who did not think that the English Church had sufficiently departed from that of Rome. They objected not only to the Roman Catholic Church, but to every possible form of Establishment, and were in England the same religious irreconcilables that the Covenanters were to be later in Scotland. It carries us back a long time to know that Sir Walter Raleigh was one of those who mourned their departure. "I am afraid," he said, "there are nearly 20,000 of those men, and when they are driven out of the kingdom, who shall support their wives and children?" But they had no option; as Cheever, the historian of the movement, put it, "come to church, said they, and obey the Queen's laws, and be a dissembler, a hypocrite, a devil, if thou wilt." So a number of stubbornly honest dissenters defied the law, and set

up what were practically conventicles of their own. In Governor Bradford's words, "several religious people near the joining borders of Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire, finding their pious ministers urged with subscriptions or silenced, and the people greatly vexed with the Commissary Courts, Apparitors, and Pursuivants, which they bare sundry years with much patience, till they were occasioned by the continuance and increase of these troubles, and other means, to see further into these things by the light of the Word of God—shake off this yoke of anti-Christian bondage; and as the Lord's free people, join themselves by covenant into a church-state, to walk in all his ways, made known, or to be made known, to them, according to their best endeavours, whatever it cost them." Having found a place to meet, they agreed among themselves upon a simple constitution the chief item of which was that the



A. H. Robinson.

THE OLD YEAR TREE.

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offices, creeds, and canons of the newly-established Church were unlawful, and "the same that were used in popery." This went on for several years, during which life became more and more difficult in England to those who claimed for themselves freedom of conscience and freedom of action in religious matters. After the death of Queen Elizabeth, the severities were continued in even sterner form under King James. "If a man will not be quiet, and show his obedience, the Church were better without him, and he were worthy to be hanged," said



A. H. Robinson.

SCROOBY OLD MANOR HOUSE.

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gentle King Jamie, and Archbishop Whitgift attributed the utterance to the "inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

Scrooby Manor House was undoubtedly one of the places where the Dissenters met to hold service in their own fashion. William Brewster was the owner of the house, and is described by one of the historians of the movement as a "reverent man, who afterwards was chosen an elder of the Church, and lived with them until old age and death." In station Brewster was a gentleman and well educated. The next to him in importance was Bradford, a man who belonged to the yeoman class, at a time when the yeomen formed the backbone of England. He is described as being a man of strong common-sense, and of a deeply contemplative turn of mind, and although he had been brought up amongst his friends in the innocent trade of husbandry, he became a writer of repute, and composed a history of the people and colony of Plymouth from 1602 to 1647, he having been the second Governor of the colony. During the American Revolution the manuscript of the history was lost, but was found again, or at least a copy of it was found at Plymouth. It is printed in the introduction to Young's "Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers." A taste of Bradford's quality may be given in his rejoicing over the fall of the bishops. "The tyrannous bishops are ejected, their courts dissolved, their canons forceless, their service books cashiered, their ceremonies useless and despised, their plots for Popery prevented, and all their superstitions discarded, and returned to Rome, from whence they came; and the monuments of idolatry rooted out of the land, and the proud and profane supporters and cruel defenders of these, as bloody papists, wicked atheists, and their malignant consorts, marvelously overthrown." But this was after he had spent the length of an average generation in his new home oversea. What we are concerned with just now is the history of the movement in

England. Those quiet country people did not at first meditate such a long journey as was involved by that across the Atlantic to New England.

But life in England was for them unlivable. In the words of their historian, "some were taken and clapped up in prisons, others had their houses beset and watched night and day, and hardly escaped their hands, and the most were fain to fly and leave their houses and habitations, and the means of their livelihood." They went to Holland in 1608, and stayed there till 1619. The reason for their leaving is somewhat obscure, but they seem to

have been in danger of falling into contention with the Church that was there before them, and they perceived also the beginning of the animosities that ended later on so lamentably. From a remark made by one of the city magistrates of Leyden, it would seem that they carried their principles into action, and lived quiet and godly lives in a foreign land.

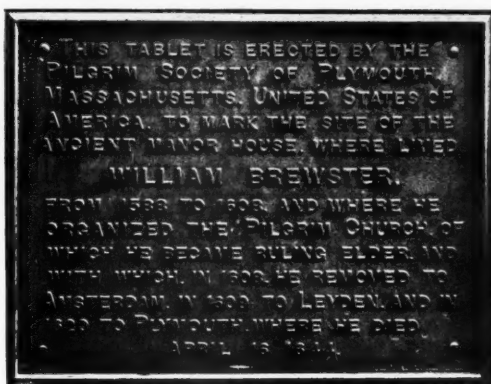
"They have lived among us now these twelve years, and yet we never had a suit or accusation come against any of them." So they returned to England, and began to consult about what place was best fitted for them on the other side of the Atlantic, some being in favour of Guiana and others of Virginia. The partisans of the former place urged that it was "rich and fruitful, with a perpetual spring and a flourishing greenness," but the objections were that

the climate was too hot for Englishmen, and that the jealous Spaniard would be their neighbour, and if they did well he would struggle to overthrow them. In Virginia they would have a sterner climate and a harder life altogether, but they would have freedom, and, as the Scottish bard says,

"Fredome is a noble thing,

Fredome mayss man to haiff liking."

So in the end Brewster and his friends decided to go to New England. What they encountered there has been often told by poet and historian. Their ship, the Mayflower, met with wild



INSCRIPTION ON THE WALL.



A. H. Robinson.

ANOTHER VIEW OF SCROOBY OLD MANOR HOUSE.

Copyright

weather before it got so far, and a raging disease had devastated the country at which they arrived. But still Cape Cod, where they landed on November 9th, 1620, pleased them. As one of their writers quaintly says, "the honest, hearty, homely, enduring fish, susceptible of much salt and the better for keeping. The cod and the granite being no ignoble symbols of New England wealth and character."

Hard labour was required to overcome the austerities of the soil, and never were colonists more industrious. Brewster, Bradford, Clifton, and the rest laboured in the fields by the side of their fellows, and it is told by them with pride that the first intelligible word heard from the lips of a native was the sweet English "welcome."

It has been for Mr. Hunter, in his "Critical and Historical Tracts," No. 2, to fix Scrooby old manor house as the residence

The invasion of Ireland, by the would-be Irish champions, has not been as great a success this year as usual. Ireland has held her own bravely, and the next thing that ought to happen is that Ireland should come over to England or Scotland and win the big amateur championship. When she does that all wrongs will be avenged. But in the meantime, the course of this year's Irish championship was marked by some striking features of disaster for the English invader. Mr. Horace Castle, Mr. S. H. Fry, and last, but not least, Mr. H. Hilton were "laid out," not always by the native shillelagh, for there were Scotsmen over there who had a hand in the work. But the defeat of Mr. Hilton was a bit of native business, Mr. Boyd of Portmarnock knocking him out fairly comfortably.

There are all sorts of competitions and tournaments going on all over the world as known to the golfer at this time of the year, the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews, the Old Club meeting at North Berwick, this Irish Championship, and lots more. Mr. Edward Blackwell always goes very strongly in these handicap tournaments of St. Andrews. I think he beats most of his smaller



A. H. Robinson.

ANOTHER VIEW OF MONK'S MILL.

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of Brewster and the Dissenters' place of worship. He says: "I can speak with confidence as to the fact that there is no other Episcopal manor that at all satisfies the conditions of being near the Borders of the three counties." Other places have been suggested, but they do not answer the conditions as being near the junction of the three counties, while the residence of families named Brewster, Bradford, and others of their companions, and a manor house of a bishop in the vicinity have been proved by Mr. Hunter's indefatigable search to present themselves here and nowhere else. The Austerfield parish register speaks of Bradford living there at the proper time, and of the baptism of a William Bradford in 1659. Other records show the existence at that date of a family of Brewsters at Scrooby; and at Bawtry, the residence of a William Brewster at Bishop's Manor House at Scrooby, probably as tenant or manager for the patron of the family, the Prelate of York, Archbishop Sandys, and the existence of other local names connected with their emigration in the immediate neighbourhood. It will thus be seen that these two villages may lay claim to having nurtured the forefathers of the American nation, and ought, in consequence, to become of historical importance in after times, in connection with the first peopling of one of the greatest nations now on earth. The manor house shown in these photographs was described by Leland as "a grete manor place within a mote. all bylded of tymbre, saving the front of the haulte, that is of brick. The ynnere courte bylding is of tymbre and is not in cumpace past the 4 part of the utter courte."

ON THE GREEN.

THE most interesting item of golfing news for the moment is, unhappily, of a very sad nature, namely, that poor Harry Vardon has undoubtedly shown grave signs of consumption. I am told, on what, I am afraid, is only too good authority, that we never shall see him playing golf again. It is a sad check to a career so brilliant. He is now at the open-air cure in Norfolk, which did such wonders for Mr. Bramston, that one may have hopes that in Vardon's case, too, it may be efficacious. But Vardon, though young, is not so young as Mr. Bramston, and it would seem that his malady is more advanced. After the championship, which he won so finely at Prestwick, they say that he nearly collapsed—that he was living, as it were, on the last drop of his blood. But is it not a wonderful thing that a man so ill should be able to play such a game? It is testimony to his rare pluck, for no doubt he knew himself to be in a serious state, but it is testimony, too, to the singular character of the game that it should be possible that anyone in a constitutional state of such weakness should play it so strongly; but a rather similar case was that of a young amateur at Nairn, who died of something akin to the ill from which we have the greatest hope that Harry Vardon will recover. Within a week or two of the end, when he had not the strength to walk more than four holes, he could out-drive Dalglish, the professional there, who is by no means a particularly short driver.

opponents out of time by hitting the ball so far, and no wonder. And yet the Scottish selectors did not include him in their side to represent Scotland. Of course that selection is nothing to do with an Englishman, but at the time one wondered. An incident of the Jubilee Vase tournament was that Mr. Ferrier Kerr, with either two or three strokes allowed, I am not sure which, knocked out Mr. Maxwell, which is a big thing to do. At North Berwick Mr. Laidley played well for the Old Club's medal, but he was nearly sure to win it if he played his game. Colonel Kinloch was second, five strokes behind. From these various meetings we can get an idea of what most of the best of the amateurs are doing. What most of the best professionals, except poor Harry Vardon, have been doing we know—playing cricket at Lord's, and golf, wonderfully little affected by the cricket, on the day following at Aldeburgh. The one of the amateurs of whom we have not been hearing a great deal is Mr. Ball. It is rather his way to keep quiet and not go on the warpath unless the occasion is worthy of him; but when the occasion does come he generally seems quite ready to rise to it. It is to be supposed that he will be in form when we hear of him again. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

RACING NOTES.

THE nursery season opened briskly at Derby. In the three events for two year olds exactly sixty competed, giving average fields of twenty. In spite of the numbers first favourites won two them, of but the most valuable of the three was taken by the unnamed Lottie Hampton colt by Matchmaker, who carried a penalty for a recent victory, and started practically unbacked. He is the property of Mr. Mortimer Singer, who, since the announcement of his impending retirement from the Turf, has had a run of luck, which, if it does not induce him to reconsider his decision, will sweeten the memory of his connection with it. His filly Graziella won another nursery on Saturday, and O'Donovan Rossa scored his third successive victory in the Peveril of the Peak Plate on Thursday at Derby, which he won in a canter. It is a somewhat curious coincidence that both O'Donovan Rossa and Le Blizon, who were first and second in the Stewards' Cup in 1901, failed, after one or two minor successes the same year, to win another race for two years. Le Blizon commenced by winning the Singleton Plate, which he also won in 1901, and has scored in three successive races since. O'Donovan Rossa has had the same winning sequence, commencing with a race which he also won in 1901, the Sussex Stakes.

The best two year old race of the week was at Derby, the Tenth Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, won by Mr. Alexander's Andover, who had run second in the Gimcrack Stakes at York. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's Topiary, who has been rather hard worked since she made a stylish *début* at York, finished third. A similar race for three year olds brought five to the post, but it resulted in a match between Sir James Miller's Rondeau (in receipt of glb.) and Fariman. The former led from start to finish, and won in a canter, the remainder being practically tailed off behind Fariman, who is evidently lacking in staying power, as he had no steel left in him when he made his effort towards the end of the mile and a quarter. The attendance at Derby was fairly numerous for the time of year, and the meeting was a most enjoyable one.

If the fields at Kempton on Friday fell somewhat short in numbers of those at Derby, they were fairly large in each of the four handicaps. Lord Carnarvon scored his first success in a nursery—curiously enough, it was also

the first race he had ever won at Kempton—with Laveuse, who started second favourite, Kibrit, who was the popular fancy, running second, as she has done on each of the three occasions she has been seen on a race-course. The quality of the field was poor, the best of those competing having previously figured in selling plates. The most noticeable feature of the meeting was the extreme confidence with which favourites were backed in large fields, and their absolute failure in two instances to justify it, while they could only secure "places" in the other two. The only favourite who won was Newsboy in the Manor Plate, and as he started at odds of 3 to 1 laid on him, his easy victory cannot have helped the punters much.

Those who went to retrieve their losses at Sandown on Saturday had every opportunity of doing so. Opinions were much divided as to the claims of Kroonstad and Countermark in the September Stakes for three year olds. The latter appeared to have a few pounds in hand "on the book," but he is an uncertain animal, and the heavy going was against him, as he cannot really stay more than a mile. Kroonstad, on the other hand, is a thoroughly consistent performer, and his chances were improved by the heavy going. He led all the way, and although Countermark made an effort to challenge him inside the distance, it was a very feeble one, and Lord Ellesmere's useful three year old won very easily. There was no diversity of opinion as to the probable winner of the Michaelmas Stakes, and, owing to the practical unanimity of punters and pencilers, the betting was only nominal. Lord Carnarvon's Santry met no worthy opponent, and had merely an exercise rider. He ran bandaged and blinkered in a somewhat suspicious manner, but he is undoubtedly one of the best—he may be *the* best—colts of his age.

An excellent day's racing ended with a most exciting finish in the North Surrey Handicap. Communist, a despised hurdle racer, carrying bottom weight, made all the running many lengths in front of the rest of the field, but his pace almost slowed to a walk as he approached the end of the long course of a mile and five furlongs, and Malden, riding a powerful finish, managed to overtake him absolutely in the last stride, and to land the favourite, Karakoul, also a hurdle racer, a winner by a head.

The weights for the Autumn Handicaps have made their appearance, and will give much food for discussion during the month. At present, Zinfandel has been installed favourite for the Cesarewitch. His weight, 8st. 4lb., has been carried on two occasions to victory by three year olds, Robert the Devil and St. Gatien, but they were both classic winners. Zinfandel has won every race he has contested this year in such style that he may well be the best of the year, and, with the exception of Sceptre, who is not likely to run, and his own stable companions, St. Maclou and Rising Glass, the class of the older horses is so moderate that his chance is obvious; but he is set to do a big thing. I believe he will not run for the Doncaster Cup, nor will Ard Patrick, but Lord Howard de Walden has an efficient substitute in St. Maclou.

KAPPA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PLACING OF GROUSE BUTTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been much interested in your letters on the treatment of grouse moors and the placing of butts, and so on, and am in full agreement with all you have to say about it; but I should like, if you will allow me, to add a word to it. I agree, of course, as all must do who have studied the question, as to the advisability of watching the birds' natural flight and placing the butts accordingly, but what I do not think is quite enough realised and is not brought out in your articles, is that besides a natural line of flight, the birds have what may be called natural settling places, places where they are naturally disposed to alight after having been on the wing for any length of time. Now I have seen many a drive ruined, and I have seen the ruin of what might otherwise have been a good drive going on year after year, without the owner of the shoot appearing to realise the cause of failure, simply because butts have been placed just so that the guns in them cannot reach birds alighting on their favourite spot. Generally it is in the nature of a rather high-placed plateau, so far as I have been able to observe, and there is a temptation, therefore, to put the butts behind the concealment given by the edge of the plateau. That is why we often see butts placed so that they cannot reach the natural alighting ground of the birds. Of course, the result is that so soon as the firing begins to alarm them or the beaters come close, all birds that have settled on this ground rise and go back over the beaters' heads—there is no restraining them. So they never get shot at all. In one or two instances that I know, where it has been realised (after many years, as a rule) that birds have this tendency to alight in certain places, the line of butts has been advanced so that the guns can easily reach all birds attempting to alight on the plateau, and the birds come flying on without alighting on the ground that is disturbed by the firing, and, in fact, the bag for the drive has been fully doubled. If this hint can by any chance be useful as a supplement to your excellent articles, I hope you will publish it, if you so think fit.—M. F.

WHY PERTHSHIRE?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice that in the ordinary (perhaps it would be more correct to call them extraordinary—sometimes they are very much so) letters written to the papers about grouse-shooting, the contributors are in the habit of speaking of Perthshire as *par excellence* the grouse county of Scotland. Also of nine men out of ten in the South, who do not know much about Scotland or grouse-shooting, the idea is that the grouse-shooting in Perthshire is far and away better than that of any other county in Scotland. What I want to know, and what I want to know whether you can tell me, is how this idea got about? It seems to me that there are far larger bags of grouse made in other counties, as in Inverness-shire and Forfarshire, than are made in Perthshire. How then is it that Perthshire has the credit of being the great grouse county? Surely it is a credit to which it has no right.—F. W.

[There is no doubt that our correspondent is correct. There are far bigger bags made in other counties. Nevertheless, there is probably a greater extent of moorland and grouse ground in Perthshire than in either of the other counties named, and rightly named, as producing bigger bags, and we may presume that it is on this account that it has so high a reputation, perhaps beyond its deserts.—ED.]

BRACKEN IN GRASS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Another plan I know to be successful in eradicating bracken from pasture-land is to place the tubs, troughs, etc., in which cattle are given cake and hay on the patches where it grows, when the knocking about and trampling the beast will give it will effectually destroy the bracken, never to appear again. At least, such has been my experience in Yorkshire.—W. E. W.

A BARKING DOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly advise me on the following matter: I have a very handsome collie dog; his chief pleasure is to run with my pony carriage, and it is good for his health too, but I cannot cure him of barking on the road—a perpetual and most irritating bark which no amount of scolding affects. Can you suggest a cure, or any sort of treatment to abate the nuisance?—E. S.

[It is very difficult to cure a dog of this most objectionable habit. One method which has sometimes proved successful is to carry a catapult in the carriage and hit the dog every time he begins to bark. Small shot, just sufficiently heavy to sting smartly, is best, but care must be taken not to hit him on the head, otherwise his eyes may be injured. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to suggest another plan.—ED.]

A SAVOY COTTAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This picture gives one a very good idea of a Savoy cottage. It is a small farm in the village of Mouxy, about two miles from Aix-les-Bains. The inhabitants are as quaint and picturesque as their homes in this old-world village, where they have not yet been spoilt by the numerous visitors who flock from the farthest ends of the world for the celebrated waters. The ruddy sunburnt children of Mouxy are a merry crew; some six or seven are paddling bare-footed in a shallow stream hunting for tadpoles, while their elder brothers are away in the fields and among the vines on the hillsides haymaking and pruning, and the bright comely girls are gathering the wild strawberries which are a great feature of every meal at the hotels in the town, being a novel fruit to the visitors who hail from distant countries. Most of the cottages in Savoy are built of stone and wood and plaster, with thatched moss-covered roofs, and each has its pretty balcony leading to the rooms of the upper storey, reached by balustraded stairs, and sheltered from the scorching sun by the overhanging roof. Here the peasant wife sits during



the heat of the day stitching and working in a charming old-fashioned hanging garden of creepers and scarlet geraniums or other bright-hued flowers.—E. T.

AN EVEN MORE PROLIFIC MARE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Without wishing in the least to disparage the redundant efforts, alluded to a recent issue, of that truly great Anglo-Saxon dam who in a long and laborious life was the multiplying mother of twenty-four foals, may I be allowed to call attention to the still more superb abundance of a Celtic hill pony, by name Old Stager (No. 362 Welsh Pony and Cob Stud Book), and belonging to Miss Severn of Pen-y-bont Hall, Radnorshire. This little mountain mare, of but 13h. high, in a busy and crowded life of thirty-seven years, of a truth proved herself no idler, since she contrived to present to her appreciative owner no less than thirty-four foals. Beyond the

fact that she started life of a chestnut hue, and plamigan-like is ending it in an appropriate white attire, she shows no particular signs of wear and tear, and, as far as I know, no propensity to retire from her maternal pose. Whatever may be said of the mare and the foals she nurtured, it will not, I hope, be urged against the narrators that they chronicled small beer when they recounted in the introductory pages of the Welsh Cob and Pony Stud Book such a unique stance of a truly creditable quiverful.

CHARLES COLTMAN ROGERS, Vice-president of the Welsh Pony and Cob Society.

ROWS OF INSECT DESTROYERS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which you may possibly think worthy of insertion in COUNTRY LIFE. It is of a number of sand-martins collected on the telegraph wires. These seem to be the only perches that they care to use in this part of the country, presumably because the height from the ground affords a certain amount of security, while the wire is just the correct thickness for their small weak claws. Whatever the reason of their choice may be, it is noticeable that only at this season, that is, just as they are preparing for the annual migration to warmer climes, do they congregate in large numbers, and it may be that the young birds are glad to find rest anywhere rather than in the vermin-infested holes where they have been hatched and reared. This summer I picked up a young martin which had no



tried to kill our chickens, and frequently catch and eat starlings and sparrows.—ERNEST N. BOUCH.

DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence in your paper about distemper in dogs, I venture to offer the following recipe for the consideration of



less than five large ticks on its head alone, and I believe that the weakness which enabled me to catch it was entirely due to these blood-suckers. I removed them, and after resting for a few hours on a sunny bank near where I was fishing, it suddenly took wing and flew away, apparently as strong as any of its companions. It seems curious that the old birds should return year after year to the nests that they must know are teeming with parasites more or less injurious to themselves and their young, and the question arises whether it would not be worth while to cleanse the homes of these extremely useful birds while they are away in their southern quarters. The number of noxious insects which one pair of martins kill in a summer must be enormous, and as they eat nothing but insects, it is obviously man's duty and interest to do all in his power to encourage them. I intend to give the nests in my immediate neighbourhood a thorough cleansing this autumn, and trust that it will have a beneficial effect on next year's brood.—C. R.

WHEATEAR IN A LONDON PARK.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know that there was



a wheatear in the Green Park this morning (August 26th). He allowed me to get within 10yds. of him two or three times, and then only flew a few yards, so it was probably not his first day in town. Perhaps others have seen him?—H. C. PEMBER.

GULLS IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—We have a pair of seagulls which were brought from the Scilly Isles by a friend in 1887. They have generally made one or two nests every year, but the eggs have always been unfertile. This year my wife suggested that we should take their own eggs away and put hens' eggs under them. I laughed at the idea, and told her they would only eat the chicks. However, on June 25th a young chick was hatched (the other egg being unfertile), and is doing well, the old birds being very proud. They vomit their food for the young chick to eat, and tend it carefully. I may add that they have always

M.F.H.'s and others: To Prevent Distemper—Whelps: $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm of Aethiop's mineral mixed with grease, milk, or broth. Young dogs four to five months old: 1 drachm in the same manner. The above to be given once a week for a month. Care must be taken that the dog does not get at cold water when in physic for that day. I have tried the recipe, and found it a very good one. It was given me some years ago by one who has had a wide experience among hounds and sporting dogs and who found it very useful. Although it does not in every case prevent distemper, I have never known a young dog which has been treated according to the directions have anything but a very mild attack, if it had it at all.—E. P. S.

AN ABUTILON WALK.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of Abutilon vitifolium in the abutilon walk at Chaddlewood. The walk is about two hundred yards in length, and there are over two hundred plants, which are from 6ft. to 15ft. in height. When in full bloom they are a beautiful sight. I have had abutilons in the garden for a great many years, and have never lost any from frost or snow. All the flowers of those in the walk are mauve in colour.—G. SOLTAU SYMONS.